

JANUARY 1961

Maryknoll



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BEAUTY MARK. Facial tattoos were formerly high style among Formosa's aborigines. Today most of these people are Christians.

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Behind the By-lines

BECAUSE of the use of full color inside the magazine and our wish to save the money that any urgent schedule would require, we prepare our articles considerably in advance (sometimes we get as much as six months ahead!). That is why the big tidal wave and earthquake stories that happened last summer are just appearing. It took us a little time to assemble the material from the field and then to schedule it. However, we felt the stories were important and of enough interest to be run even though they had been referred to in the daily press some months ago.

Father Charles M. Magsam, who is usually stationed in our novitiate in Bedford, Massachusetts, has been traveling through the Orient giving retreats to Maryknollers. He has been sending back his impressions. The story on page 28 tells what he found on Formosa. Father Magsam has written a number of spiritual books and was one of the editors of the *Maryknoll Missal*.

Some months ago we printed a short profile of Father James Keller, founder of the Christophers. There was so much interest on the part of our readers that we asked his assistant, Father Graham P. McDonnell, to expand the profile into a full-length article. The story begins on page 56. Father McDonnell now is on a new assignment in Japan.

Next month, we begin a new feature on housewives around the world. It will interest all American homemakers.



Maryknoll

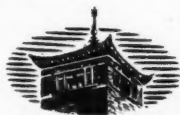
MAGAZINE

**Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.**

**"...to those
who love God
all things work
together for good."**

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

**The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York**



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The Week the Earth Shook

In the aftermath of the world's worst earthquakes, thousands of Chileans are still homeless.

IN the entire catalogue of natural disasters, nothing compares with the destructive power and sheer terror that an earthquake is capable of wielding.

It is one thing to watch the sea rise up in fury, or forest turn to flame, or a black funnel twist across the sky; but it is quite another for men to have the ground beneath their feet groan, tremble, and finally give way. An earthquake, by definition, strikes at the very core of existence, at the deepest roots of human security. Everyone who survives an earthquake—whether a rugged farmer, a simple housewife, or an articulate teacher—usually describes the experience in the same way: "I thought the world was coming to an end!"

Not too many months ago, this sentence was on the lips of hundreds of thousands of Chilean people. For them, there had not been one, isolated earthquake, but a violent series continuing for seven days and nights, climaxed by

tidal waves, floods, volcanic eruptions.

Throughout the quakes, Maryknoll missionaries remained at their posts in the midst of the Chilean people—burying the dead, comforting survivors, directing relief operations. The following excerpts, from reports written by our missionaries, speak for themselves.

James Mundell, M.M., Washington, D. C.

Suddenly in the darkness—it was 6 A.M. on Saturday, May 21—I awoke with my heart in my mouth and a brief Act of Contrition on my lips. The whole rectory was working back and forth like a ball of putty in the hand of a giant.

I have experienced only three earthquakes since living in Cholchol. Each lasted less than ten seconds, registering a mere “grade one” on the Richter Earthquake Scale. By contrast, this one lasted a full three minutes—an eternity of sorts—hitting “grade four.”

On Sunday I left in my jeep at 9:30 to offer Mass in the mountains, at a place called Chacame. I was in the confessional from the moment I arrived until 1:30. Everyone in town wanted to go to confession.

After Mass, the little frame house I was using as a temporary chapel started to rattle, and the old wooden floor began buckling like paper. Everyone made a dash for the door.

No words can really describe it. The entire horizon was rocking from side to side like a huge wave; I could see the earth rolling and shaking, with the little house, and the barn next to it, waving back and forth like willows. It was a relief to be out in the open and away from the buildings, although we couldn't help wondering if the ground was going to open up. One fissure, not

far from Cholchol, swallowed up thirty persons yesterday.

Many towns disappeared completely in the wake of a tidal wave caused by a “grade ten” quake further south of us. There is no communication; railroads are mangled; fires are out of control; there is no light or water. We still haven't heard an estimate of the total number of deaths throughout Chile, but I fear the worst.

Just now, as I look out of my window, I can see one of the Andean volcanoes, fifty miles to the east, erupting. How long will this nightmare last?

Thomas Kirchmyer, M.M., Buffalo, N. Y.

When I closed my eyes on Friday night, May 20, the farthest thought from my distracted mind was an earthquake. Here in Chillan, our parish has some 22,000 souls. Friday had been as usual, a day of baptisms, sick calls and meetings. The next morning, I awoke at a few minutes past six, certain that the rectory was going to collapse. For three long minutes, the city of Chillan shook and rumbled—bringing death to four of our parishioners, and leaving 500 families homeless.

The following afternoon we were hit again, this time for about six minutes. I staggered out to our patio and watched Victoria Plaza rock back and forth like a cradle. Men, women, and children were trying to flee, screaming hysterically.

When the quake finally stopped, the people flocked toward the church. I heard confessions from four o'clock until eight. And that night the people refused to sleep in their homes, preferring instead to pitch tents along the sidewalks and in the plaza.

On Monday and Tuesday, through



Anticipating a cold winter in Chile, CRS workers distribute woolen blankets.

the assistance of CRS (Catholic Relief Services), I passed out parcels of powdered milk and 5,000 pounds of flour.

I can't help thinking how ironic the whole situation is. Before the quakes, our people, compared to the average American family, possessed little. Now they possess nothing.

Joseph English, M.M., Newburgh, N. Y.

Strange, indeed, to hear the church bells of Santo Tomas clanging at 6 A.M. on a Saturday morning—all by themselves! Simultaneously I realized that the rectory, the church, the city of Temuco, and the entire countryside were rocking. The tremor lasted only a few minutes, but it left all of us apprehensive and anxious.

At a few minutes after three on Sunday afternoon, the worst earthquake ever to occur in this part of Chile struck from below, without warning. For four long minutes, we experienced

the end of our little world. It was ridiculous even to try to stand up: every board and brick in every building was creaking and crunching, with chimneys swaying and roofs drooping under the pressure. Mothers rushed into the middle of the streets, clutching their babies; children were hysterical; grown men wept unashamedly.

I did the only thing I could think of. I knelt down in the plaza, gathered the people around me and started saying the Rosary. When we finished two decades, we began piling through the debris, searching for the dead.

Thomas McDermott, M.M., Worcester, Mass.

Puerto Saavedra, some thirty miles from Cholchol, was devastated by the big quake, and then all but disappeared in the tidal wave that followed. The people, huddled on hilltops without food or clothing, insisted on staying close by to search for their dead.

When the Maryknoll Padres in Cholchol heard about the situation in Puerto Saavedra, they asked the townspeople to round up all available food and clothing for the survivors. It was touching to see the reaction: the poorest of Cholchol's poor, running up to Father Mundell's truck, anxious to give what they had—a piece of bread, an egg, a scrawny chicken.

Further south, hundreds of thousands are homeless. The mere fact that they are alive, however, is miraculous, for they have witnessed and survived an awesome display of destruction. Quakes toppled their homes; tidal waves swallowed their towns; volcanoes erupted, crumbling familiar hills and burying hundreds of their countrymen. Some watched a huge expanse of earth suddenly rise for ten minutes to a height of 300 feet, forming a new volcano. At another place, a 25-mile-long fissure opened in the earth to a depth of 600 feet. Yet, in comparison to the scope of the damage, loss of life was comparatively small—particularly when one thinks of our 1939 quake, which took 20,000 lives in Chillan alone.

Eugene Theisen. M.M., Wadena, Minn.

The city of Ercilla got off comparatively easy. In many cities to the north and south, from sixty to eighty per cent of the homes were destroyed. The port cities suffered most. One, about forty miles west of Temuco, is covered with 120 feet of water from the tidal wave—the same one that struck Hawaii and Japan. The island of Chiloe, to the south, was devastated.

The deaths in the entire disaster area have not been tallied, but a conservative estimate is under 3,000. A

saving feature of the quake that hit Sunday is the fact that it came in the daytime. Had it struck during the night, there would have been over 20,000 fatalities.

Charles McCarthy, M.M., San Francisco, Calif.

The geography of southern Chile has changed in one short week. Mountains moved, hills crumbled, river beds rose, the sea roared in, canyons opened in the earth. One night eleven volcanoes blew their tops.

In the Santiago area, the quakes were severe but the damage was slight. In the other fifteen Maryknoll missions, reaching 700 miles south, the quakes were terrific; homes were knocked to the ground and thousands of parishioners are homeless.

Carcasses of fish, dogs, and small game have polluted the very air we breathe. People without food or shelter have been living for days in driving, cold rains and hail.

It wasn't until mid-June that Chile's multimillion-dollar disaster totals were tallied: over 4,000 dead; tens of thousands injured; 300,000 homes, schools and churches destroyed. At this writing, Maryknoll missionaries in Chile estimate that less than one third of the recovery program has been achieved.

For most Americans, who followed the Chilean quakes from the secure vantage point of television, radio and the press, the week the earth shook was, regardless of how terrifying, a rather remote experience. For many Chileans, however—unless financial assistance increases considerably during the coming winter months—the week the earth shook will go down in memory as the week their world began to end.

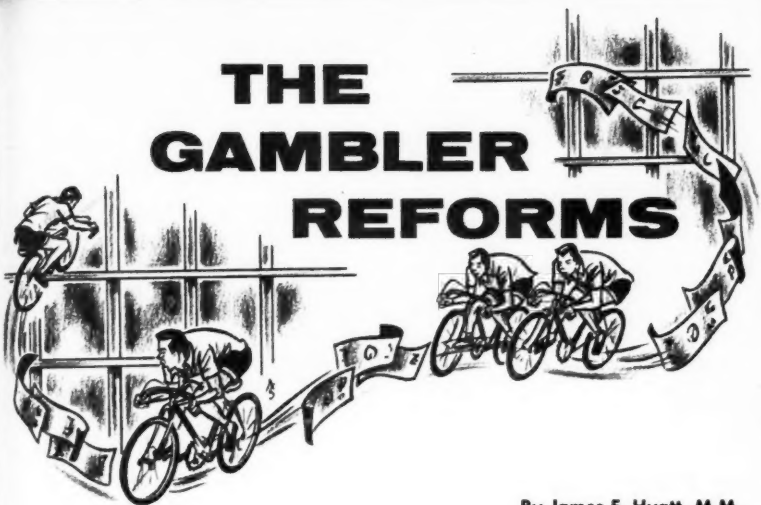
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THE GAMBLER REFORMS



By James F. Hyatt, M.M.

MR. SHIMURA's troubles started at the Tokyo bike races. He says he would have been all right if he had lost the first time he bet, but unfortunately, he won. From then on, he was a slave to the bicycles. He began going every pay day—losing most of his money. Then he started stealing.

When his first prison term was over, he resolved to give up the races and settle down. However, he discovered that the police officer who handled his case had been blackmailing his wife while he was in jail. He flew into a rage and threatened to expose the policeman. But the policeman's wife, accompanied by her two children, paid him a visit. She begged for mercy. Shimura listened to her plea and agreed to forgive and forget.

Through the intervention of a friend, he managed to secure a good job. He was very happy, until his boss met the wife of the errant policeman. She told

him that he had hired an ex-convict who could not be trusted. He returned to his factory and fired Mr. Shimura.

Mr. Shimura then flew into another rage. He headed for the nearest tavern, got drunk, and was arrested. In jail he acted like a maniac, with only one thought in his mind—to get out of prison and kill that woman.

However, after a few days, he began listening to Maryknoll's Japanese radio program, "The Light of the Heart." Next, he sent for the correspondence course in Catholic doctrine, which we advertise on the program. His attitude changed immediately. Soon he was released from prison three months ahead of schedule.

All resentment toward the policeman's wife has disappeared. He is thrilled with what he learned and is determined to make good as a Christian, no matter how often he dreams of bicycles. ■ ■



*Eastside, westside, all around
the world: people who seem
different are basically the same.*

Some Friends in Masonga

By Thomas F. Donnelly, M.M.

HAVE you ever wondered what kind of Christians live in a foreign-mission parish? I know I did. Until I arrived in Africa I thought that mission Christians were quite different from folks in American parishes. But my first assignment changed my mind in a hurry! Perhaps you'd like to meet a few of the Christians who live near our Maryknoll mission here.



But first, a brief description of the mission: Masonga is in the northwestern corner of Tanganyika, about a half mile from Lake Victoria. Our 3,000 Luo-speaking Christians live in a pagan environment sustained by 12,000 unbaptized neighbors. Our people earn their livelihood by farming, fishing, and cattle raising.

Now let me introduce Catharina. Not very long ago, Catharina was the undisputed "brandy queen" of the area, having acquired both fame and

fortune by brewing a superior type of firewater. However, Catharina felt something was missing in her life. Impelled by curiosity, she visited the mission one day and decided to study our doctrine. In time, she was baptized. Forsaking her brandy business and her third "husband," Catharina sought sanctuary at the mission. She has been here ever since—as our cook.

Joseph is a penniless widower who dropped by the mission for medicine four years ago, and never got around to leaving! We now provide him with a small hut, a monthly food allowance, and clothing. A daily communicant. Joseph often arrives for Mass clad in faded pajamas given him by one of the Fathers. Because of his age and arthritis, his genuflections on entering church require a full minute of effort—but he never omits them.

Lenora, a blind widow with three



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young daughters, has been with us for several years, living in one of the guest houses on our property. Despite her blindness, Lenora walks unaided to church every morning. She is a daily communicant.

Justinus represents us at the local court when cases of interest to the mission are on the docket. Two of his daughters are being trained by the Maryknoll Sisters, as part of the nucleus of a native Sisterhood.



Gabby—short form for Gabriel—is the favorite of the mission. Only six years old, he is always around, though seldom underfoot. He is all ears, but despite his nickname, he doesn't have much to say. When his father goes on a short trip, Gabby often tags along on the luggage carrier of the bicycle.

Bernardus is our handyman, repairman, painter, gardener, and night-watchman. He can think of more excuses for not working (stolen cows, sick wife, need for sleep) than anyone else.

Pius is the best of our twenty altar boys. He is neat, clean, prompt, and intelligent. After he completes primary school next year, he may enter the minor seminary. That is our hope.

Regina is our only woman catechist—entrusted with instructing catechumens about the Mass and Rosary. One of her daughters is in training with the Ursuline Sisters in Kenya; another daughter, although a palsy victim, is the top student among the girls in our fourth grade; and her only son, Benedict, is one of our altar boys.

Sabina is another widow who lives at the mission. Despite her almost sev-

enty years, she'll mimic the Fathers, or anyone else, at the drop of a hat.

Henricus is our version of a juvenile delinquent. Because his mother spared the rod, he is now quite spoiled and is given to throwing tantrums when he can't get his way. He shirks work around his home, and sulks for several days after being corrected publicly.

There is Magdalena, initial wife of a pagan chief who is "married" to eleven other women. Magdalena refused to live with her husband because he forced her to preside at pagan sacrifices. Along with Marita, a tubercular widow, she ranks as top gossip of the mission. But she is quite lovable.

Celestina is the long suffering (she enjoys telling all the details) wife of a lazy husband, and mother of nine children. One daughter just had a bad marriage straightened out; last week a son ran to Nairobi to find work; her husband removed another son from the third grade, to mind the cows; her youngest daughter is crippled. Celestina always sits in the front pew during Sunday Mass. We can't miss her, because during the sermon, she devoutly says her Rosary beads aloud.



Finally, we come to Venantius, a hail-fellow-well-met, but not a strong pillar of the Church. Venantius is a judge in the local court, but he doesn't set a very good example for his fellow Christians—he has two wives.

So you see, even though their language is strange, their skin a darker color, and their customs a bit different, basically the Christians of Masonga are very similar to the members of your own parish. Aren't they? ■■



A Little Bit Further

Crash-program helps families separated from us by centuries.

THE *Santa Maria* came chug-chugging back to Riberalta last night, completing a six-week mission trip into part of our Orthon River jungle parish.

Those forty-three days seemed to clock off as swiftly as a Cape Canaveral countdown. Constantly on the move, we spent only two nights and a day at each village. It was difficult to refuse the jungle dwellers' pleas to "stay just one more day with us," but it was impossible to remain longer. There are too many tiny settlements in the Beni and Pando jungles of Bolivia, clamoring for the sacraments.

Then, too, valuable time was lost walking or mule-riding from the river-

bank to the villages. One day we walked twenty miles by jungle path to San Juan—a steady march from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, with the last three hours dampened by a tropical rainstorm.

Our visit to that particular *centro* was well worth the hike, however, as it was a rendezvous for about seventy isolated jungle families. The bamboo wireless hardly had time to warm up before people started streaming in from remote areas to greet us.

By "us" I mean myself and the two Maryknoll Sisters who accompanied me on this particular trip. One of them—Sister Mary Vivian Votruba, of Du-

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luth, Minnesota—is a medical doctor trained at Marquette University and Philadelphia's Misericordia Hospital. Her companion was Sister Saint Peter Heilig, of Jericho, Long Island, a specialist in education and social work.

Both Sisters worked sixteen hours a day on the trip. The Padre's only gripe was that they insisted on loading the boat with their jungle treasures! Now the Padre doesn't have anything against flowers. Lots of them look nice. Some of them even smell nice. But have you ever tried to clean out a carburetor or fuel line clustered with jungle orchids, pots of muddy angelbreath seedlings, and tomato-tin jardinières of violets?

The current was as treacherous as it always is in the low-water season, with sunken trees and sand bars barricading the river bottom. But mission trips such as that one, in spite of the hazards, are very necessary to reach people whose home is the jungle.

They have problems unknown to most civilized people: malaria that freezes and bakes them on intermittent days; fevers caused by insect bites; chronic stomach-aches and dysentery; worms from primitive cooking habits or from walking barefoot; tropical skin ulcers; beriberi; mental as well as physical retardation, due to life-long isolation from civilization. These are only some of their troubles! Sister Vivian distributed over 25,000 calcium-loaded vitamin pills alone, not to mention several thousand injections of penicillin and sulfa drugs.

At each settlement, we would give a quick "Hello!" to everyone, and immediately the people would hunt up a few tables and benches. In less than an hour, our kits would be unloaded (with the help of a mob of eager kids),

and a small, village house transformed into a combination chapel-school-hospital. From that moment until departure, there would be a continuous chain of doctrine and hygiene classes for children as well as adults, distribution of medicines and vitamins, visits to homes, and preparation for the Rosary and for Mass. The Sisters would even find time to teach the youngsters new games—"Sing Around the Clock" and "Tiger Hunt" being the most popular.

Our trip through the river-jungle was a wonderful one for our people. But we could not reach all of them. A period of six, eight, or ten weeks is too short to visit all the parishes along the Orthon, Tahaumano, and Manuripi Rivers. The rivers are long, the villages many. The families are scattered far and wide, throughout the jungle.

But, as they say here, "*Poco a poco, Padre*," meaning "Little by little, Father." We agree. ■ ■

Sister-Doctor Vivian ministering to a cholera-stricken boy of the jungle.



WAVE OF DEATH

Photos and background text by Robert L. Mackesy, M.M.

With the strength of a legendary sea monster—destruction!

WHEN the first series of earthquakes rocked southern Chile on Saturday, May 21, scientists around the world began studying the strength of the shock waves. But throughout the Pacific, from Hawaii to Japan, seismologists and geophysicists were exercising more than a mere scientific interest in the crucial data their instruments were recording. Their main concern was human life.

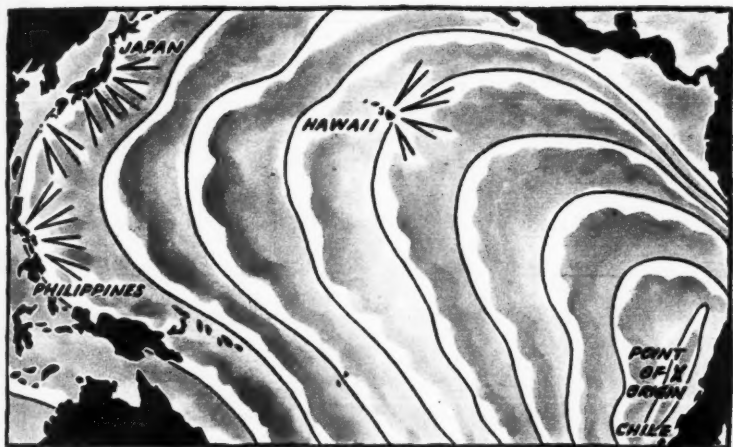
On Sunday afternoon the entire Orient was put on 24-hour alert. All available reports indicated that there

had been a massive undersea earthquake off the Chilean coast. A wave of death was racing across the Pacific.

Within 36 hours, every land mass in or surrounding the Pacific was hit by "tidal waves" of varying strength which had traveled from the tip of Latin America halfway around the world. The earthquake-driven shock waves slashed out from Chile in a great crescent at speeds of 450 miles an hour, battering the beaches of Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines, Okinawa, Alaska, New Zealand and California.

Maryknoll pastor, Father John H. Joyce (left), assisting Hilo relief workers.





As seismic waves race across the open sea, frequently at speeds up to five hundred miles an hour, they can barely be perceived by the naked eye. They carry no water with them. Lying flat and low on the surface, they often measure five hundred miles in length, two hundred miles from crest to crest.

In spite of the extensive precautions and the early-warning system, 500 persons perished.

In Hawaii, four killer waves struck the large, heavily populated city of Hilo early Monday morning, between twelve fifteen and one o'clock. The sea rose up 32 feet in a roaring wave of destruction that rolled into the harbor area, hurling millions of tons of water into a business and residential section. Sixty Hiloans died, over 300 were injured. Property damage was estimated at about 60 million dollars.

Although many of the factors that influence tidal waves are still unknown, the broad outline of how they occur is clear. To begin with, although such waves are popularly known as tidal waves, they have nothing in common with the tides. In reality, they are

shock waves, carried through water as a kind of reflex resulting from a crustal disturbance—usually beneath the sea. Seismologists say such waves are more correctly designated by their Japanese name, *tsunami* (pronounced tsoon-ah-me), or "seismic sea wave."

The easiest comparison to draw is with the concentric rings of ripples that spread across the surface of a pond if a stone is tossed into it. But like most analogies, this is not quite accurate. Actually seismic sea waves are oscillation waves, transmitting tons of energy in a manner comparable to sound or radio waves.

The fantastic energy that powered the Hilo waves had spent roughly fifteen and a half hours traveling 6,000 miles from the southern coast of Chile. The water didn't come from Chile. But





A battered Chevrolet (above) and twisted parking meters (below) are mute evidence of tidal wave power.



the energy, the devastation, and the death did.

Nothing—not even incendiary-bomb attacks during World War II—could match the utter destruction that was visited upon Hilo. Within two hours after the waves hit, the Maryknoll rectory of St. Joseph's Parish in Hilo was transformed into an emergency Red Cross center. The pastor, Father John H. Joyce, and his three curates, swung into around-the-clock relief work.

Two Maryknollers sped to the Hilo hospital where the victims—maimed, crippled, and in shock—were arriving. Hundreds of people stood in wet and soggy clothing at the hospital entrance, seeking scraps of information about missing children, husbands, wives.

Father Joyce was the first priest to reach the disaster scene, with oils for the dying, courage for the injured, and comfort for the dispossessed. Hilo was a nightmare. What had once been a colorful business and residential dis-

Favorite tourist attraction, "the little blue church" of St. Peter's at Kahaluu Bay was moved thirty-five yards from its foundation.





Father and son trying to salvage corrugated heap that was once home.



A Hilo survivor—too stunned to speak, too exhausted to move.

In the mud of Hilo, balls of colorful twine become grim ornaments.





Two days after the tsunamis devastated Hilo's waterfront, rescue workers were still removing the broken bodies of victims. Final count: sixty dead.

trict, had become four devastated miles crying out for the corporal and spiritual works of mercy.

As the death toll mounted in one of the most destructive disasters in Hawaii's history, Civil Defense personnel and State leaders attempted to estimate the damage. The series of devastating *tsunamis* had struck at the economic heart of Hilo.

From the air, it looked as if a giant's hand had swept across a four-mile section of the waterfront, erasing everything in its path. Great areas, where at least 500 buildings once stood, were denuded, as though blasted away by

an atomic bomb. Houses were jammed up against each other at crazy angles, or twisted from their foundations. Telephone poles, clipped off at their bases, lay strewn in gutters. Corrugated-tin roofing was scattered like confetti through the debris. And everywhere there were mud and slime and the smell of decay. And even as the funeral services began for some of the victims, clean-up crews were grimly digging more bodies from the debris. The agony of Hilo was unimaginable.

The people of the Pacific, particularly those of Hawaii, have learned to live with the threat of *tsunamis* hang-





Uprooted and reduced to a shambles, this shopping center became a junkyard seconds after fourth and strongest *tsunami* swept in across Hilo's harbor.

Their belongings in a blanket, father and daughter leave Hilo.



ing over them. According to historical records going back to 1819, the Hawaiian Islands have been hit by a total of forty seismic waves, eight of which were spawned by Chilean earthquakes. Some were mere ripples that added only inches to the water level. Others were 50-foot monsters that took tremendous tolls in property and human suffering. One such was the disaster of April 1946, when a *tsunami* caused by a mighty earthquake off the Aleutian Islands took the lives of 159 Hawaiians.

Relatively speaking, however, Hawaii has been blessed. For the most disastrous *tsunami* in history occurred not there but in Japan on June 15, 1896. Its final death toll exceeded 27,000.

■ ■

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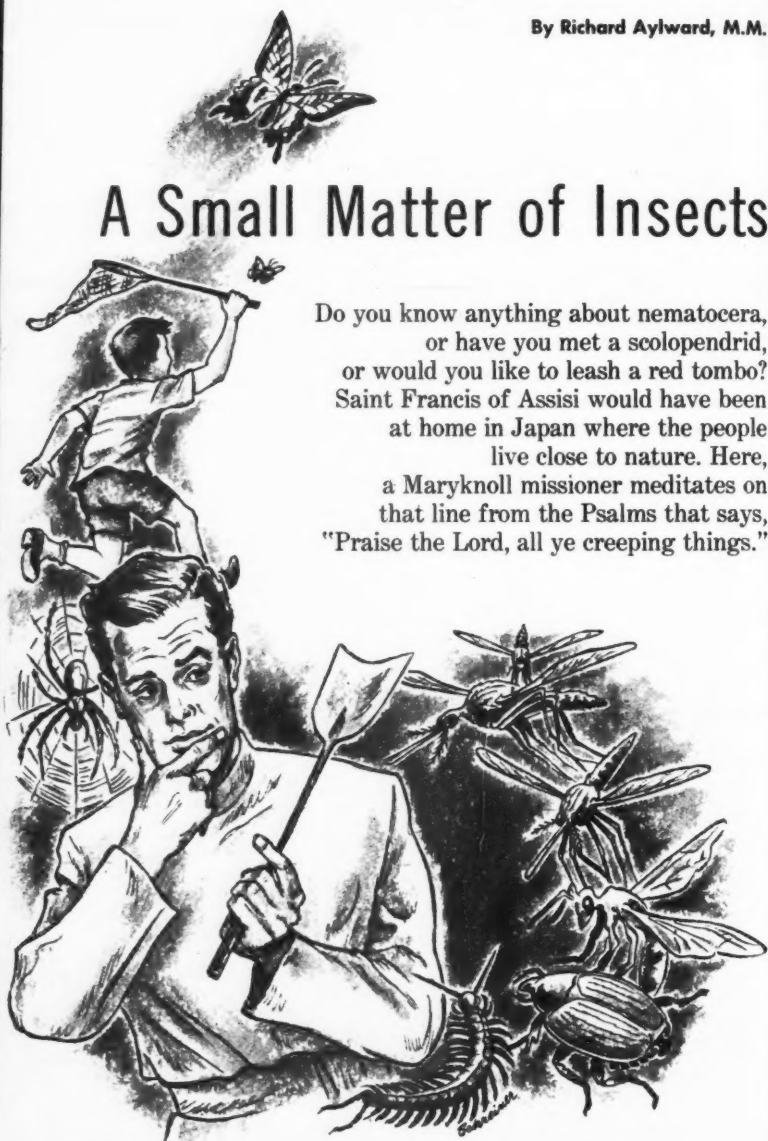


National Guardsmen and volunteers search for dead and injured in the wreckage of a multifamily dwelling.

By Richard Aylward, M.M.

A Small Matter of Insects

Do you know anything about nematocera,
or have you met a scolopendrid,
or would you like to leash a red tombo?
Saint Francis of Assisi would have been
at home in Japan where the people
live close to nature. Here,
a Maryknoll missionary meditates on
that line from the Psalms that says,
"Praise the Lord, all ye creeping things."



IT MAY BE traceable to that forgotten parochial-school Sister who really put across the doctrine of man's Fall, but of this I am not certain. I merely know that I hate snakes, and sometimes I wonder if I do not hate them more than I hate the devil. Then again, perhaps I shouldn't make the comparison since the hatreds are on two different levels. I hate the devil dogmatically; I am supposed to love snakes because they are part of the world created by God.

I not only hate snakes but I find myself equally averse to the living creatures that keep snakes alive. I refer to insects. Swallows stay alive by eating insects, but who could possibly hate a swallow? Yesterday walking around my parish here in Japan, I entered the house of a Catholic. The electric meter was screwed to a post above the entrance, and on top of it a swallow had built her nest. The whole meter was covered with the droppings of the swallows, except for a small rectangle that had been cleaned so that the meter man could take the monthly reading. Let me repeat: Who could possibly hate a swallow?

But insects! The scene is so easily set. The chapel has been locked, the mission gate has been closed. One goes to one's room and begins to read peacefully. After a while, one decides to go to bed. The lights are put out, and one kneels by his bed for a few moments of silent prayer. It is usually then that the buzzing is heard. One tries to stay recollected. A good way is to recall the deathbed scene of the Curé of Ars. A good nun was flapping away the flies that were using his forehead for a landing field. He is supposed to have turned to the Sister and

said: "Leave me alone with my poor flies. Sin is the only thing that worries me."

But the good example of the saintly Curé doesn't help. With a bound one is across the room and flicks on the light switch. The mosquito is spotted; a malicious smile curls the hunter's lips. One rationalizes to the point that a direct kill will be considered a victory of Christianity over Buddhism. The hands are extended, and then brought together with a resounding clap. One opens one's hands. They are smarting. They are redder than usual. There is no trophy on either palm. Nematocera has escaped into the shadows. One turns out the light and waits to be bitten and drained of blood.

Winged ants, when not crawling on one, are delightfully interesting to watch. They are like little girls from a ballet school at their first recital. Like the little girls, the winged ants mind their dress more than their feet.

If the winged ant is a ballet-school girl, the *oheiko* is Pavlova herself. *Oheiko* is a local word that the children of Sonobe use to describe this transparent-winged wonder. The wings are as long as its half-inch body. There are two trailing tails which I thought at first were stingers. They are not. This insect flies in swarms. They arise from out the Sonobe River and cling to the screen in such numbers that the windows might well be closed.

Ever since I saw ants at the Bronx Zoo find their way over a slowly revolving disc to devour a yellow-rose plant, I have respected them. I also respect spiders for their fine sense of architecture. In Hikone, where I once was stationed, there was a spider who spun his web and in the center wove

a distinct cross. I doubt though that this was in deference to the Church.

There are two species of lizards that run about here in Sonobe. One is called the *tokage*, and I believe it is the bluetail lizard. The other is called *yamori* and has a mildly poisonous bite. I have not as yet been bitten and my only authority for saying that it is mildly poisonous is the word of the children here. Japanese children know more about the ways of nature than I ever will.

The *yamori* works only at night and he is fascinating to watch. His tiny feet have suction pads and as surely as they hold him fast to smooth glass, just as surely they do not seem to impede him from running to the kill. He seems to like moths.

A centipede is a scolopendrid. In Japanese it is *mukade*. I have no mercy on *mukades*. When surprised they take off like a train speeding down the ties. I know I must be straining your belief in my sincerity but I had hardly written the word "ties" in the last sentence when a centipede ran out from under my chair. I watched it dash across the floor, a marvel of perfect co-ordination. How a centipede keeps its feet synchronized is one of the world's greatest mysteries.

This is the season when all Japanese

boys from Hokkaido to Kyushu carry butterfly nets and small wire cages for the insects they catch. They are doing field work for their natural-history course in school. If you stop to speak to them, they will politely answer your questions but all the while they are looking beyond you, usually above your head. If they spot a likely trophy in the space above your head, they will take off without even saying a quick good-by to you.

For the Japanese schoolboy, insect catching is a very serious business. The boys mesmerize cicadas and carry them in their pockets. I have seen boys use cicadas as Spanish dancers use castanets. Dragonflies are celebrated in Japanese poetry and song, especially the red *tombo*. The boys tie a piece of thread to the dragonfly and evince the same sense of power that wealthier people do with a dog on a leash.

Finally, there are the lightning bugs. On a summer evening, they hang over the rice fields like a distant galaxy. The lightning bug is a miracle of ingenuity which was carrying its own built-in source of energy long before man learned how to harness electricity. The lightning bug is a favorite prize for Japanese youngsters. It is impossible to estimate how many bottles of them are collected every summer. ■■

If you are already a subscriber to MARYKNOLL and feel that these pages are helping you realize more fully the mission of the Church and the sacrifices of modern apostles, extend this influence to others by passing MARYKNOLL along to a friend after you've finished reading your copy. Better still, take out a *gift subscription*, at \$1 a year! We know many Maryknoll housewives who save 25¢ a week from their grocery money and, at the end of each month, buy a gift subscription for a neighbor—Catholic or non-Catholic. You can do the same. Write: Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.



Ex-Communist Alex Izumi (right) poses with his mother and a close friend.

The Trappist and the Communist

By Walter T. Kelleher, M.M.

Beneath the surface of life, runs a strange, divine undercurrent.

IN December 1941, as a Japanese task force steamed toward Pearl Harbor, back in a little village near Kobe, Japan, a boy named Takashi Izumi was finishing his first term of junior-high school. Three years later, when he was graduated from the tenth grade, the tide of war had turned so badly for Japan that he was immediately snapped up for civilian service by the Imperial Army—at the age of fifteen.

A little over a year later, the armistice was signed in Tokyo Bay, and a disillusioned Takashi found himself jobless in a nation numbed by defeat.

That winter his resentment led him into the ranks of the newly formed Young Communist League, despite the fact that his father, a minor political official, had used his influence to get him a job as ticket clerk at the local railroad station.

But a year and a half of the Communist line was all that he could take. He quit in disgust. An alert, sympathetic Catholic introduced him to Trappist Father Noda, chaplain at a nearby Trappistine convent; and at last Izumi found a doctrine he could embrace without reservation. A few

months later, he was baptized in the Trappistine chapel, taking Father Noda's religious name, Alex, as his baptismal name.

But Alex's new-found happiness was short-lived. Within six months, because of his previous Communist connections, he was fired from his job in the aftermath of a disastrous railroad strike.

During a long siege of illness, Alex felt the first stirrings of a religious vocation. At the suggestion of a Belgian missionary, he joined the Conventual Franciscans of Nagasaki, in January 1951, as Brother Conrad-Mary. After postulancy, novitiate, and temporary vows, Brother Conrad was transferred to a Tokyo monastery. He studied philosophy and theology at the nearby Jesuit Sophia University, and also began working as a part-time catechist at the monastery church.

He continued at Sophia for almost three years, gradually becoming convinced that his true vocation was not to monastery life but to the more-active ministry of a full-time, lay catechist—assisting the parish priest in teaching adult convert classes, conducting Sunday schools for children and making home visitations.

However, Alex was keenly aware that he needed further specialized training. Though released from his religious vows, he stayed on temporarily in the parish catechetical program until he was admitted to the Catechist Training Institute conducted by the Catholic University at Nanzan, in Nagoya City.

It was soon after that he fell in love with an attractive, young woman convert from the suburbs of Tokyo: Miss Fusae Hara, who was employed as

bookkeeper in an English bank on Tokyo's Wall Street. She had received baptism about the same time that Alex began his catechetical studies.

Within weeks of his enrollment at the institute, Alex discovered that he would need a sponsor to defray the cost of his tuition for the two-year course. On his first vacation, he set out for Hokkaido, the least-developed area of the Church in Japan, to find a mission where he could be of the most service in the future. That was when I first met Izumi-san, and mutual respect and friendship were almost instantaneous. Alex returned to his books, assured of his "adoption" by me.

With his future secure, he and Fusae celebrated their solemn engagement at her parish church shortly before Christmas, with plans to marry as soon as he should have finished studying. It is interesting to note that theirs was a modern Japanese romance, without recourse to the traditional matchmaker.

Fusae Hara, quite zealous in her own right, continued her doctrinal studies at night with a view to being as helpful as possible to her husband in his work. Because her knowledge of English is exceptionally good, she will be invaluable in translation work—a difficult but important task that confronts almost every foreign missionary from time to time.

Needless to say, today Mr. and Mrs. Izumi are a credit to the Catholic Church—and a boon to the Hokkaido mission. As for Alex, the direction of his life—from an employee of the Imperial Japanese Army, through membership in the Communist Party, to the role of a dedicated lay apostle—is an unusual story, even for modern Japan. God's ways are strange! ■■

"Finally Made Our WILL Last Night."



A legally drawn Catholic will is an obligation many Catholics shun until it is too late to act.

Mildred Connors, like many wives, often discussed the subject of wills with her husband, John. However, unlike many folks, they acted while there was still time.

After a visit with their lawyer, the terms of the will were agreed on, and the document was drawn up and signed in the presence of witnesses—their next door neighbors. It was that easy!

A good Catholic will provides first

for your family; then your parish, your diocese, and your mission society. Your bequest will assure the continuing success of Maryknoll missionaries in far-off lands. It will mean bringing Christ to the people and the people to Christ in places where He is unknown to them.

Why not write for our free booklet, *What Only You Can Do*? There is no obligation. Write today!

Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers,

Please send me your free booklet, *What Only You Can Do*. I understand there is no obligation.

NAME

STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

Our legal title for wills: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

EACH SUNDAY the piercing bells atop San Pedro Church jar the morning stillness of Davao City, calling the faithful to Holy Mass. Each time, a dark-haired young woman answers the pealing, and enters the church with many of her college classmates.

At the consecration of the Mass, this student pauses, while saying the Rosary, to focus her eyes on the Host raised by the priest. She believes that Jesus Christ, the Son of the True God, is present on the altar.

This is unusual because the young woman is not a Catholic, even though she believes the truths of the Catholic Faith. With all her heart, she desires to be a member of the Catholic Church, but she cannot yet be baptized.

Her name is Janena Jamalol y Abelera. She is a Mohammedan, a Moslem princess. Through her veins trickles the royal blood of the Maguindanaos, one of four main tribes of Moslems in the Philippines.

The lives of the Maguindanaos are rich in Moslem tradition. At noon every Friday, they leave their work and gather in mosques to worship Allah and to obtain the blessing of the Moslem priest, the imam. The main source of religious and cultural life is their holy book, the Koran, which every child is taught to read daily.

Janena's grandfather, although a Christian, practiced the Moslem religion after his marriage to Princess Hadji Fatima, through whose ancestry is traced the Sultan of the Maguindanaos. Marcela Abellera was born of this marriage. She married Mohammad Jamalol, a local chieftain, and Janena was their only child.

Thus the power of blood and the power of wealth of the Maguindanao

By Richard F. Higgins, M.M.

OUR MOSLEM PRINCESS

*Her birthright is an obstacle
that keeps her from realizing
her heart's one great desire.*

tribe are the heritage of a graceful and talented girl known to her classmates as *Bai*, or Princess. Because of her parents' desire that Janena enjoy a good education, she was enrolled at Notre Dame High School in Dadiangas, and later at Immaculate Conception College in Davao City.

During Janena's eight years of association with Catholic doctrine, God touched her soul. Now she firmly believes all the truths of the Catholic Faith. But Janena is not free to do as she wishes.

Soon this Moslem princess must leave her beloved classmates and the devoted *Madres*, memory-filled college buildings and weekly Mass at San Pedro's, to return to her home. Back in Moslem country she will resume her study of the Koran. Religious ablu-



Princess Janena and warm friends: Sister Pilar (left), and Mother Lourdes.

tions, fastings, and thanksgivings will be essential parts of her life.

Some day, perhaps, the young son of a Moslem chief will ask for her hand in marriage. If both families agree, Janena and her fiancé, dressed in rich Moslem garments, will be married in an elaborate religious ceremony.

Throughout her life, Janena, together with her husband and children, will enter the mosque to pray to Allah. Yet in her heart, she will always know that Allah is a triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—and that the Father sent His Son to earth to be born of a Virgin, to die and save men from their sins.

No one of us can fully appreciate the pain that Janena bears in her heart. No person can give a satisfactory solution to the burden that she carries.

Every day Janena entrusts her life to the merciful providence of God, much as a groping child grasps the secure arm of a loving parent.

God, I think, scatters such beautiful and courageous souls around the world to help other persons to see how really small their own problems are. Janena will return soon to the place of her birth, a land of brightly colored dresses and elaborate religious customs, but a sad land for her.

The heart of this young woman is not the same as the heart of the child who left her home eight years ago. It is now a bigger heart, a fuller heart, for her Catholic training has taught her about the love of the true God. But it is also a pierced heart, for Janena's great longing in life—the desire to be a Catholic—cannot yet be fulfilled. ■■



Men Against Idols

By Charles M. Magsam, M.M.

*Pagans worship angry gods
who must ever be appeased,
rather than the God of love.*

WATCH the Sacred Heart team! Another basket! *Aheeyah!*"

A pagan of Lukang was doing the yelling. The coach was pagan, and the team members were pagan. The All-Taiwan Championship Basketball Tourney was in its closing minutes. The final whistle brought a great yell and a burst of firecrackers. The Sacred Heart team were All-Taiwan champions.

It was more than a victory for the panting players, or their beaming coach, or the pagan rooters. It was a victory also for Father John P. Tackney, Maryknoll missionary from Somerville, Massachusetts.

He had needed something extra to draw attention to the Catholic Church, for Lukang was one of the most temple-ridden strongholds of superstitious paganism in Taiwan. He had needed to prove that people can do something for the Catholic Church without suffering any calamities from the devil or

MARYKNOLL

the goddess Ma Tsu. Like other missionaries, he knew the need to destroy fear of reprisals for neglecting the gods and devils.

For example, Father Joseph G. Cosgrove, of Newton, Massachusetts, had sixty-seven people under instruction at Yuan Lin until a thirteen-year-old boy suddenly died in the house used as a catechumenate. The others began dropping away. Their elders had told them that misfortune would come if they studied Christian doctrine. Only thirteen of the sixty-seven were baptized.

To make his point about temples, Father Tackney took me down the street to the pagan temple of the goddess Ma Tsu. She is called "Heavenly Mother" and "Holy Mother". Her feast is celebrated by processions through the streets, similar to May processions in honor of Our Lord's Mother.

The origin of the Ma Tsu cult is lost in a maze of legends. Apparently it began in Fukien Province, on the China mainland, a thousand years ago. The temple Father Tackney showed me is one of thirteen, all equally big. In addition, there are a hundred smaller temples in a town of 20,000 people.

After pointing out the carved stone pillars, the elaborately carved wood overlaid with gold leaf, and the porcelain-covered dragons, Father Tackney estimated the cost at over \$100,000. At least the face of the goddess of mercy is serene and pleasant, in contrast to the two ugly figures, one at either side, who represent the evil spirits she supposedly conquered and turned into good servants.

Dominating each village are temples with up-curved roofs that are meant to divert the devil from reaching the

ground. The smell of joss incense from the shrine in every home makes an impression that this is a region of paganism. That conviction deepened when I said Mass in Puli and the smell of joss drifted across the very altar, from a household shrine next door.

At Puli, Father Edward J. Quinn, of San Jose, California, found a new way to let the people know that the Catholic Church can be a part of their culture and social life. In his mountain district, growing orchids is everybody's pastime. So he arranged a special orchid exhibit on the mission compound, and, after several days of display, gave prizes to the champions. That pleasant association was another dent in paganism.

Every approach must be used, for pagan worship is strong in the blood of the Chinese. Their elaborate worship goes far to satisfy man's deep need of ritual expression for belief and for feeling. Much of it, in temples as well as at home shrines, is motivated by fear of reprisals from deities and devils for failure to worship.

There is some real devotion, however, in the cult of Ma Tsu, the "Heavenly Mother". And among the Buddhist nuns of Tachia, there is not only a life of prayer and asceticism, but also a genuine sense of spiritual values.

The head nun came out to welcome us when Father John F. Curran took me to see their Buddhist temple. The nuns spend four hours a day in obligatory prayer, which includes considerable individual ritual worship. Their heads are shaved. Their diet is strictly vegetarian: no meat, fish, or eggs. They wear the traditional Chinese trousers and coat.

It was three-coats cold at high noon the sunny day we were there. The chief



Unlike elders, young people greet Father Henry Madigan as a friend.

nun wore a gray coat over black and white ones, above heavy, dark brown trousers. Though obviously of advanced age, she had few lines on her serene face. Delicate reverence and quick laughter graced her manner as she talked to us.

I wondered what could be done to prove to her the truths that Christ taught. Religious-minded Chinese can be very friendly but very slow to accept baptism. Tachia alone has 400 who have finished the doctrine course but refused baptism. It leaves the missionaries shaking their heads and asking, "Why?"

Could it be that, in this particular place, there will have to be a considerable number instructed and well disposed, before grace can overcome their timidity and bring them into the Church in great numbers? Whatever the answer, we see several factors which combine, or operate individually, to block the solid character of the Chinese from responding to grace. Only God knows which factor predominates in any individual.

Strong social pressures come to bear.

when persons know that they must take their turn providing the festive meal after a temple celebration. And they defer baptism until after they have taken their due turn. Some who complete the course of instructions wait to see if anything disastrous happens to their friends who have already accepted baptism. Fear of reprisal from angry gods and devils is terribly real to many. However, missionaries find it easier to convert pagans who are worshiping believers than pagans who are infected with Western indifferentism and materialism.

Sometimes strong family ties and great respect for parents may hinder baptism. When the parents oppose baptism, and especially when parents threaten all sorts of punishment from the gods and devils, their opinions weigh ridiculously heavy. At the Nantou mission, Father Arthur C. Lacroix, of Newton, Massachusetts, has one man fifty-eight years old deferring baptism because his father refuses to consent; and a woman of seventy waits because her mother refuses consent.

Many times, too, the loss of a business profit from temple worship, such as selling joss sticks, seems too great a sacrifice. Often the presence of several Protestant sects is a hindrance. The Chinese say: "You all teach Christ. What is the difference?"

Most of the Chinese are farming people, with a set rhythm of life that has gone on for generations. They have a realistic closeness to nature, which makes them by habit conservative. Accepting Catholicism, Sunday Mass, and the sacraments, requires considerable change in their rhythm of life.

Like ancient pagans, modern Chinese dwell in villages for protection. On

the mainland the danger was bandits. On Taiwan, scarcely fifty years ago, the mountain aborigines were still raiding Chinese families and making off with a little human meat for the cooking pot. It is no coincidence that the word "pagan" comes from the Latin word *paganus*, meaning "village-dweller."

In spite of all these handicaps, the Church is already on the way to becoming solidly established in the Taichung Prefecture, under Maryknoll's Monsignor William F. Kupfer. Adult baptisms have averaged over 3,000 for the last two years. Catechumens ran over 4,000. The 140 catechists and 310 Legion of Mary workers multiply the work of the 50 missionaries. There are catechist-training schools both for men and for women.

Ten religious communities, men and women, work with thirteen Chinese priests. A minor seminary is ready to open, and three novitiates function. A girls' college and a boys' high school welcome qualified students. The Catholic University of Fu Jen, transferred from pre-war Peiping, is reopening in Changhua. And at the parish level, there are even some all-Catholic villages, such as that established two generations ago at Beh Hun by Spanish Dominicans.

The damage of the 1959 flood is still great. Nearly every bridge or its approach was destroyed, with abutments slapped about like kingpins. Great tracts of destroyed farmland and deforested mountainsides will take years to reclaim. Father Lacroix lost three

chapels; two were demolished, and one was taken back as a home by the shelterless owners.

The missionaries were on the job quickly and distributed hot food or flour to Catholic or pagan, where and when the need required. This important charity, made possible by surplus crops supplied by Americans and shipped to the Orient by Catholic Relief Services, at least made the Catholic Church better known. Missioners were accepted more readily as part of the community. Such acceptance helps to offset the antiforeignism found in certain quarters and directed against priests.

On the bright side of the picture, too, baptism in danger of death sometimes finds the sick person recovering. So it strikes other people that baptism can be a good thing even for the body. Therefore, they conclude that idols and devils are not supremely powerful, after all. Moreover, the solid character and great friendliness of the people, their hardworking determination to support their families and to get ahead, provide rich soil for the seed of the Gospel.

Missioners know the strength and goodness of people who can stoop all day—their feet eight inches deep in muddy water, despite temperatures in the chilly fifties—and thrust rice plant after rice plant into even rows. These people live close to the soil. The missionaries are helping more and more of them to grow away from superstitious fears, and to find truth and love in Christ. ■ ■

"Like priest, like people" is an old adage. And we should feel helpless to win American Catholics to the world-wide cause of Christ, were it not for the extensive influence of our diocesan clergy.

THE UNINVITED

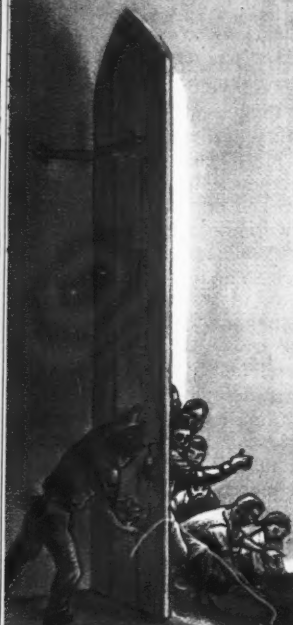
LORD, why did You tell me to love all men? I have tried but now I come back to You, frightened. Lord, I was so peaceful in my house. I was sheltered from the wind, the rain, and the mire.

But You found a crack in my defenses, Lord. You made me open my door just a little bit—and like a cloudburst full in the face, the cries of men awoke me; like a gust of wind, a friendship shook me; like a ray of sunlight peeping unexpectedly between the shutters, your grace had disturbed me—and I left my door ajar.

Now I am lost, Lord!

Outside, men were waiting for me. I had not known they were so near—in that house, in that street, in that office. My neighbors, my colleagues, my friends. As soon as I started to open the door, I saw them there with their hands, their looks, their very souls, reaching out—waiting like beggars.

The first of them came in, Lord, and there was still a little



to in my heart. I let them
ed ne, gladly. You would have
u, npleased, Lord, well served,
so y honored. It was all quite
as onable up to then.

ut those that followed,
rd! I had not seen those
ny ers; they had been hidden
ne the first. There were more
— those; they were more
in etched, too. They came
ke aming in without waiting
a be asked. My house became
ay s crowded. And now they
x- e come from everywhere,
s, e after wave of them, each
— wave pushing and jostling
last.

They have come from every-
ag ere, from every part of the
y y, from the entire country,
n in the whole world. They are
ly ountable, unending. They
y longer come singly, but in
co ups, in lines, as if mixed
re ether, welded together like
s, ces of humanity. They no
ger come with empty hands
laden with heavy luggage—
n, luggage of injustice, sin
le suffering, rancor and hate.

Behind them they trail the
world with all its wrongly used
tools, twisted and rusty, or too
new and ill adjusted.

Lord, they are getting in my
way, taking all my time, hurt-
ing me. They are too hungry,
devouring all that I had and
even me myself. I can do noth-
ing any more because the more
they pour in and the more they
push at the door, the wider the
door opens.

O Lord! My door is breaking
down. I can't go on. Life is too
much for me. What about my
position? What about my fam-
ily? My peace of mind? My free-
dom? And what about me? Ah!
Lord! Everything has been
taken from me. I no longer
even belong to myself. There is
no room for me in my own
house.

What is that You say, Lord?
"Have no fear," You say, "you
have not lost all but gained all.
For while men were pouring
into your house, I your Father,
I your Lord, slipped in with
them."

—Michel Quoist, *Prayers*



What One Priest Can Do.

Problem: For over five years a small, winding river separated Father Charles F. Girnius, of Maspeth, N. Y., from some 20,000 parishioners living on the other side, in Acora, Peru.

Solution: After months of hard work, Father Girnius now boasts a sturdy, concrete bridge over the Rio Grande. The bridge is 83 feet long and 15 feet wide, thus providing access to the formerly remote hinterland.

There are many problems and challenges to be met wherever Maryknollers are at work. In this particular instance, Father Girnius had to employ a bit of ingenuity in order to reach his far-flung parishioners. Meeting the challenge head-on, he decided that a bridge was the only answer, and

immediately set out to build it. We would like to think that, somewhere among the Maryknoll missions, there is a problem tailor-made for you. Perhaps Our Lord has something in mind for you in Africa or Korea or perhaps Peru. Will you recognize His summons? Who knows —

THE CHALLENGE CAN BE YOURS!

Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers:

I am interested in laboring for souls as a missionary. Please send me information about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

School _____ Age _____ Grade _____



DOWN IN THE DUMPS

By James V. Manning, M.M.

As a kid, I delighted in sneaking off and helping the garbage men. Every occasion was a golden opportunity to sit up high and drive a wagon with horses. But all of that ended when my mother heard of my being atop an ash wagon drawn by two mules. She did not like mules. And so the doors of a great career closed on me, I thought.

Now, close to forty years later, I find myself in Santiago, Chile, and again with garbage men. About two years ago, what had been a miserable dump here was transformed into a little better one by the city. The garbage men received a piece of ground on the outskirts to build their future homes.

Little by little, they bought the necessary wood and roofing. They found chairs, tables, and other furnishings. One fellow made his fence out of used fluorescent bulbs. All planted gardens, even though they had to walk a good city block to bring in the water. They built streets. Today a faucet is found every few feet between several houses.

There are now eighty-five homes in the ex-dump, hundreds and hundreds of children, and even more dogs. We

began daily visits by carrying the Pilgrimage Virgin from house to house.

Padre Carlos (that is Father Charles F. McCarthy; nobody uses our last names) became the great friend of the garbage men and their families. Every night he came home sticky and weary from holding literally armfuls of babies. Now, when babies are sick, he is sent for immediately. Parents still give medicines to their tots, but they are sure that what cures any child is the blessing of Padre Carlos.

Working with him is a *senorita*. She is the other part of the Church in the parish. Already, she has forty families signed to recite the Rosary in the street in front of their homes.

The *senorita's* mother died not long ago. A few days before, when friends brought the mother home from the hospital, everyone was waiting to be of help. We watched all the neighbors, and especially the children, bring flowers. They stayed to pray for the happy entrance into heaven, and the meeting with the Mother of the Rosary, of the mother of the girl who has done so much to spread devotion to the Rosary. At times like that, our ex-dump almost seems beautiful. ■ ■

We Get Letters...

by Albert J. Nevins, M.M.

IT WOULD BE an inspiring and rewarding experiment if all Americans could take turns sitting at our mail desk here at Maryknoll and read some of the letters that come to us. It is a humbling and moving experience that teaches a powerful lesson in the wonderful goodness of people who make tremendous sacrifices to keep Maryknoll going.

Many who write us take time out to tell us of some trouble at home—not in a complaining way but because we are religious and they feel they can speak frankly with us, and because they want our prayers. There are many personal tragedies in this world, yet as we read these letters, we find a profound faith and confidence in God.

It is particularly moving to read letters that come from elderly people who are alone in the world and who have little in the way of security for those declining years whose extent is known only to God. Yet with a Christ-like prodigality and a supreme confidence in God, these elderly folks are worrying about persons even more unfortunate than themselves.

Take this letter for example that came from Chicago in a shaking handwriting with a much soiled dollar bill inside. It said: "Please pray for me so I can get some money to help you out and pay my bills. And pray for me to get some shoes. I need shoes to go to church. Thank you for your prayers.

God bless you all." (Friends enabled us to help her get shoes.)

Another letter with a dollar in it came from Massachusetts. The writer said that her husband had retired after forty years of working in the same place. She reported that he was not well. There are six people in her family, including her ninety-year-old mother and a daughter who had been in a hospital for ten years. Two teen-age grandchildren complete the household. The writer added that she is the only one working and that she is hard put to support the family and buy medicine.

Another grandmother writes: "I am enclosing a small donation to be used as you see fit. Maryknoll is close to my heart. I am an old woman over seventy years of age. My income is Social Security. I live with my daughter and her large family. I get very lonely and depressed. My health is not good either. Please say a prayer for me. I pray every day for poor Bishop Walsh and all our priests and nuns that are being or have been tortured by the Communists. May God help and comfort them. Please pardon my mistakes."

"I was always hoping I could send a Maryknoll priest to China," writes a good soul from New Jersey, "but right now I have met with a very sad disappointing situation. For the last 27 years my good husband has worked for a Catholic college. He is now blind and

cannot go to work. He is very discouraged, I must say. Only prayer will help him now."

Some of the letters that come to us are written in such scrawls that it is difficult to decipher them. Others have weaknesses in grammar that show a lack of education, yet these letters are written from the heart, and it is at the heart God looks, not at a diploma. Consider the following letter that came from New England:

"I haven't written sooner because I was to poor to help you, I live with another old women and she are very sick. She went from the hospital because the Welfare couldn't pay for her anymore, they keep her over three months. She give me to send to you 1.00 dollar to help your mission and I send you \$1.00 for poor. People I work for they can't pay me but give my foods and sometime couple dollars once in a while. I count on your good prayer for that poor sick old womens, she had diabetes. She get discouraged. She suffer a lot with these pains. I have great faith in your prayers to help me to be able to earn more money to live in better condition."

Many of the old people who write us want to work but cannot find employment because of their age. One letter is from a sixty-five-year-old woman whose husband died and who is seeking a job. Another is from a fifty-six-year-old man who was let go from his job and who can't find another because of his age. A worried woman writes that her husband has been unemployed for seven years except for odd jobs, and she is at her wit's end to keep her family in food and clothing.

Someone once remarked, "I complained because I had no shoes, until

I met a man who had no feet." This is the spirit that reading our daily mail brings about. There is no trouble but that someone has greater. And if we are ever tempted to feel sorry for ourselves, we need but look at some of the tragedy around us that is being borne with Christian fortitude and hope.

Our mail, too, is a constant reminder that Maryknoll is for the most part built and supported by the simple, humble people of America. It is the widow's mite that comes to us in the mail, small in size but big in the sacrifice it represents. For this reason, we in Maryknoll must be ever conscious of the value of money, careful to use it wisely and for the purposes for which it has been given. ■■

MR. MOTO SAYS:



"One man's story is no story. Hear both sides."

By Robert V. Julien, M.M.



Journey to the Unexpected

In Kenya's wild, uncharted frontier, the bizarre becomes routine.

WE left Nairobi on a Monday morning in late autumn, Brother Cyril Vellicig and I, rather well-equipped for a long safari into the northern frontier of Kenya. In our battered, red Jeep, which had been completely overhauled and tuned up, we were carrying food, water, jerrycans of gasoline, extra oil, and a tent with bedding.

The first day's journey took us to Thompson's Falls, where we spent a pleasant night at a mission staffed by Italian Consolata Fathers. The next morning, after Mass, we ate breakfast, and put the Jeep on the road again—our destination Beragoi, 160 miles to the north—knowing that we were leaving civilization for several days.

The road from Thompson's Falls was rough, rocky, winding. We saw very little of anything except a few wild animals. Out of this wilderness,

we finally arrived at a small settlement in a green valley, where trees were growing and a river flowing—a place called Maralal. The principal tribes inhabiting this area are the Samburus, the Turkanas, and the Rondilles.

The Samburus, close cousins of the Masais, of Kenya and Tanganyika, are the rich cattle herders of the district. Their young men love to “dress up” and strut along the road. Because they apply red-ocher paint profusely to their half-naked bodies and wear colorful ornaments, they are excellent subjects for pictures. But Brother Cyril had his troubles. Though quite photogenic, they refused to co-operate until he dropped bright shillings into their outstretched palms.

Leaving Maralal, we bumped along a mountain road with sharp turns and steep grades. When the hill country

leveled off into rolling plains of golden grass, we encountered hundreds of animals, mostly oryx—a common species in this region of East Africa. Then, after miles of plains, we finally drove into Beragoi, a desolate village.

At the mission, we found a gracious Italian priest, named Father Caesar, and three Consolata Sisters who supervise primary school and a small hospital. One of the Sisters was an old-timer on the missions—she spoke Kiswahili fluently and, luckily, a good bit of English. So it wasn't long before we made known our plan to drive farther north up to Lake Rudolph.

We asked Father Caesar if he'd like to come along with us; but he graciously declined, saying that he had driven to the lake before, and once was enough for him! However, the Sisters, who had made the trip a few years previously, encouraged us.

They told us that, if we could reach the lake, we would certainly meet a people called the El Molo, a small tribe ostracized from neighboring tribes, whose members, because of inadequate diet and inbreeding, are in poor health and physically deformed. They own no cattle, subsisting instead on the fish in Lake Rudolph.

Our interest increased as the Sisters related their experiences; and when they remarked that they would give us flour, tobacco and medals to distribute to the El Molo tribe, our decision to proceed was final. Our safari, originally intended as a vacation jaunt, then had as its object the finding of those poor despised children of God, with the hope of rendering them some momentary comfort.

On Wednesday morning, after Mass and breakfast, we climbed back into



Samburu maiden: shy but dignified

the Jeep. With Father Caesar's blessing, we left the mission, stopping at a dilapidated, local gas station to fill our tank and jerrycans. Because there were no more stations beyond Beragoi, we needed enough fuel to take us up to the lake and then back, plus an emergency supply. Eighty-five long, rough miles lay ahead of us.

We drove through sparse, twisting hill country for nearly an hour. Then we hit an endless vista of desert—dry, hot, sand strewn with stubble and brush. We used the four-wheel drive to advantage, covering sixty miles before we decided to stop for lunch.

It took us a long time to find a spot where there was shade; but finally, beneath what looked like a fossilized tree, we enjoyed sardines, cheese, and crackers, with two pints of warm beer quenching our thirst. Refreshed and renewed, we pushed on, taking turns at the wheel to conserve our strength.

It wasn't long before we encountered curious rock formations on both sides of the road. Then we knew that we had arrived at the difficult part of the journey, the main reason Father Caesar was unwilling to accompany us: only fifteen miles separated us from the lake, but they were fifteen miles of volcanic debris—a jagged sea of black, grotesque, lava rock.

Yet through that "sea," there was a definite, visible trail, which had probably been demarcated by early explorers and traders. Weaving the Jeep in and out of the rock formations meant slow going! We traveled at a snail's pace for about two hours, without getting even a glimpse of Lake Rudolph. The lava rock loomed larger as we moved along.

Then we suddenly reached an open-

ing in the escarpment, and gasped in amazement. A vast, blue expanse stretched below us! It was incredible that, in the middle of so harsh and withered a desert, a beautiful lake could exist.

But the worst of our trip was yet to come. We had to descend the escarpment. Could our Jeep crawl down from rock to rock, without scraping its transmission or hanging up its chassis, all four wheels dangling? With Brother Cyril at the wheel, and myself scrambling along in front directing the operation, we slowly made the descent, skirting and bridging large chunks of lava rock. It was like creeping down a huge, prehistoric, circular staircase.

Within an hour, nervous exhaustion hit us—just as the sun was dropping into the lake. It would soon be dark. We braked the Jeep and began searching through the debris for a place to spend the night. We discovered a hollow on one side of the rocky trail, a shallow pit covered by a carpet of lava dust. Here, we decided, was our camp.

We succeeded in setting up our tent, in spite of the strong, steady wind. The iron stakes refused to grip in the powdery, lava dust, so instead we drove them into the fissures of the lava rocks surrounding the pit. Then we spread a tarpaulin inside the tent, to cover the lava dust; and on top of the tarpaulin, we rolled out our bedding.

Next, we prepared for supper. We found a supply of firewood, thanks to a fossilized tree jutting out of the rocks near the edge of the hollow. It was difficult to light the fire, but once started, it burned vigorously. We cooked soup, beans, coffee, as complements to a loaf of bread and canned fruit. While we ate, darkness fell, and

bright stars studded the desert sky. The wind swirled in, over, and through the "sea" of rocks, creating a sound similar to an ocean surf. A feeling of emptiness and loneliness prevailed.

We finished eating; then crept into our tent and slipped under the blankets. Sleep did not come easily. And the next morning, we were up long before sunrise. Inside the tent, we erected a crude altar with wooden crates, and I offered the Holy Sacrifice. Then, after a light breakfast, we packed our things into the Jeep—except for the tent. That we left pitched, intending to return to it after visiting the El Molo tribe.

The morning air was cool and refreshing as we continued our slow descent on the escarpment, with Lake Rudolph in full view. Gradually the lava rocks became smaller and smaller, and soon our Jeep was cruising through thick gravel, just above the level of the lake. We saw numerous shore birds, but nothing that even faintly resembled vegetation. After covering ten miles we found ourselves beyond the lava-rock area. Instead there were rolling knolls, golden-colored, dry and parched. Then, unexpectedly, we passed small herds of cows, sheep, and goats, followed by young herdsmen. We recognized the latter as Samburu children. Three or four of them stood at a safe distance, apparently frightened at the sight of the red Jeep.

We stopped, got out, and beckoned to them. After some hesitation, they came, timidly at first; but soon they were very friendly, especially after we gave them candy. We snapped a few photographs. Speaking Kiswahili, we tried to ask where the El Molo people lived. One boy with red, chapped-



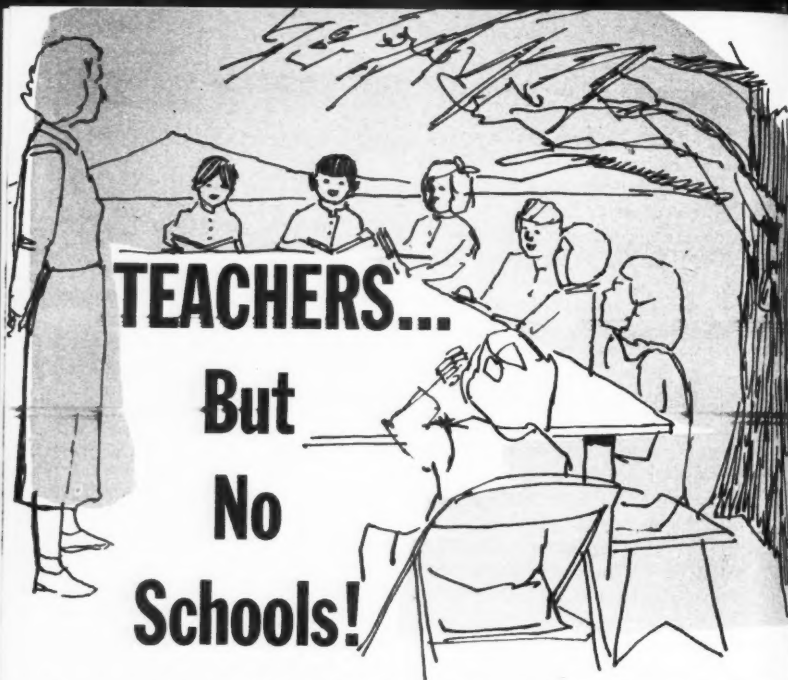
Typical member of the Boran tribe

looking lips, seemed to understand, but insisted on pointing first in one direction and then in another.

We were perplexed. Should we retrace our steps, or drive on ahead? We decided to go forward. Finally we came to a clearing, where two native huts made of branches and grass stood like lonely sentinels. We stopped and asked an intelligent-looking Turkana where the El Molo tribe lived. He, too, pointed in several directions, adding to our confusion. We went on, searching for any sign of a village that might prove to be the home of the El Molo.

After three barren miles, we came to an area bulging with palm trees and green grass. Nearby were several huts. A group of Samburu women came out, colorfully dressed and decorated with beads. They were a very cheerful group, continually laughing, smiling, tittering. But when we inquired about the El Molo, they, too, began pointing in several directions, shouting and gesticulating, trying desperately to tell us something we could not understand.

So we drove on again, crossing a



TEACHERS...

But

No

Schools!

In contrast to the problem faced by many American communities where there is a shortage of teachers, we missionaries have teachers, but we *need* school buildings for the hundreds of children seeking an education.

Our Maryknoll missionaries are eager to construct and furnish badly needed school rooms as soon as they can acquire the wherewithal.

Have you been thinking about a gift for the missions? What better way than to build a school? What you can afford will help purchase materials and labor. Many youngsters will benefit by your charity; Maryknollers will pray for you.

Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

1-61

Dear Fathers,

I wish to contribute \$ towards the purchase of building materials and equipment to start mission-school construction.

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little stream and almost getting stuck in its muddy bottom. We traveled for two or three more miles—and then I began to think of our gasoline supply. It was getting low. Less than two gallons were left in the tank, with eight more in the jerrycans. We had enough to get us back to Beragoi, provided that we would start back immediately.

I decided that if we should not see any signs of human life when we got to the crest of the hill we were climbing, we would turn around and head back for camp. We reached the top, looked around, and then stopped short. I rubbed my eyes—and asked Brother Cyril if he could see the same thing I thought I was seeing. He nodded, his mouth wide open.

About a half mile below, a thick cloud of dust was swirling toward us—obviously caused by a motor vehicle. As the machine approached, we identified it as a Landrover, British version of the Jeep. Without one moment of hesitation, we plowed down the hill toward the small dust storm. At the foot of the hill, we stopped and got out.

The driver of the Landrover came over to greet us. Tall, white, and smiling, he introduced himself as an Irishman working for a white hunters' party, out of Nairobi. He said that another Landrover was not far behind, carrying three American scientists from the University of Miami, Florida, who were in the process of studying Lake Rudolph's fauna, flora, and topography, and collecting specimens of natural life for the university museum.

The second Landrover soon pulled up next to our Jeep. The Americans, our fellow countrymen, climbed out to greet us, their faces diffused with surprise. One of them, wearing only

shorts, shoes, and a scapular medal, introduced himself as Doctor Robert Maytag, leader of the expedition. Son of the well-known manufacturer of washing machines bearing the trade name of Maytag, the doctor had been sponsored and subsidized by Miami University to undertake the exploration of Lake Rudolph. Somehow, the whole thing reminded me of Stanley meeting Livingstone.

The Americans were quite perplexed as to what we were doing at the lake, and how we had arrived. We explained that we had driven from Beragoi, that we were on the verge of giving up our search for the El Molo people.

Very graciously, Robert Maytag invited us to his camp to freshen up a bit and get some food. Smiling, he said that he would personally take us to the El Molo. We were elated. We climbed back into the Jeep; turned around, and followed the scientists to their camp. Soon the familiar palm grove came into view again. But the Landrovers veered off to the left, toward a grove we had not seen before. We followed. There in the midst of several small huts, stood a large, pavilion-like structure with a peaked roof of papyrus leaves, supported by wooden pillars. It housed the Maytag headquarters. Then Brother Cyril and I suddenly realized that this was where the children, the Turkana, and the Samburu women had been frantically trying to direct us.

The pavilion was long, large, and cool—a small version of America in the middle of East Africa. At one end was a dining table; near it, a deep-freeze refrigerator; in the center, a radio intercommunication unit. We heard the hum of an electric generator

and noticed electric-light bulbs overhead. At the other end of the pavilion, there were comfortable frame chairs, aquariums with various species of small fish, swimming about, a phonograph, and a pile of records.

Doctor Maytag pointed to the chairs. We sat down and made ourselves at home. Then he brought out of the deep-freeze several frosty cans of imported Tuborg beer—most satisfying and refreshing. If only the advertising director of the Tuborg Brewery were present, I thought, what a spread this would make! "Tuborg—a thinking man's beer, preferred by explorers and missionaries of the Kenya deserts."

As I considered the possibilities, I looked up and was surprised to discover a camera peering at me. It was manned by one of the Americans—the official photographer—whose task was to photograph all events, places, and things, as well as specimens of birds, fish, and humans encountered by the expedition. He was snapping his camera from all angles, with the enthusiasm of an on-the-spot amateur. The first round of beer was followed by a second; and again the camera clicked.

Meanwhile, I asked Doctor Maytag if he is a Catholic, since I had noticed him wearing a gold scapular medal. He replied that he is a member of the High Church of England, and went on to tell us more about himself: his marriage to an English girl from South Africa, and the many exciting months he had spent in East Africa as an explorer and scientist.

Next he gave us a tour of the taxidermist's workshop; there many specimens of birds were displayed, expertly stuffed, awaiting shipment to the University of Miami. Then, very thought-

fully, he offered us soap, razor, and a shower. A few minutes after our cleaning-up operation was completed, a big lorry loaded with supplies came rolling in, all the way from Nairobi. It contained food and scientific materials needed by the expedition—plus a set of new jazz records, which our host immediately put to work.

About two o'clock, following a delicious lunch, we rode with Doctor Maytag in the Landrover, to visit the El Molo tribe. At the last moment we remembered to take along the flour and tobacco that the Consolata Sisters had given us. After two or three miles, we arrived at a small pier on the lake, where a sign was posted, reading "Port Rudolph."

A long, white motor yacht, with emergency mast and sail, was moored there, rocking gently in the wind. The yacht, especially designed for the expedition, had been constructed in Nova Scotia and transported by sea to Mombasa; then it was hauled overland to Nairobi; and from Nairobi to Port Rudolph. It was an all-purpose craft, with equipment for every eventuality, including a deep-freeze unit for fish specimens caught in the lake.

After a detailed inspection, we returned to the Landrover and resumed our quest of the ostracized tribe. Skirting the edge of the lake, we rounded a cove, and drove into a small village tucked up against the lake shore. Men, women, and children were sitting outside igloo-shaped huts made of reeds. The huts were extremely small—certainly no taller than a man of average height. The women and children were making fish nets out of reeds.

The chief was there, too, wearing a red hat as a symbol of his authority.

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Because he spoke fluent Kiswahili, we were able to converse with him painlessly. We presented our gifts to the chief and told him to distribute them among his tribesmen. We added that the flour and tobacco had come from the Catholic Church at Beragoi—from the *Padri Nkubwa* and from the good *Wamama* of the mission. The chief smiled warmly and told us to thank the missionaries for him and for his people. In his gratitude, he gave us a large, freshly caught fish. We thanked him heartily.

We spent over an hour in the El Molo village, going from hut to hut, conversing with the people and taking pictures. Doctor Maytag accompanied us, explaining various points of interest about the tribe. He said he believes that the red, chapped-looking appearance of their lips is due to the heavy alkaline concentration of the lake.

The people were very friendly toward the scientist and his associates. We learned that El Molo workers had helped the expedition in road construction and other manual projects, receiving food and money in return for their services. Consequently, the El Molo were not as badly off as when the Consolata Sisters had visited them formerly, and the bag of flour was perhaps not so greatly needed. But at least it told them that the good Fathers and Sisters were thinking of them.

The tobacco was a major attraction. All the people—male and female, young and old—lined up for a hand-

ful apiece. They didn't smoke it, preferring to chew instead.

Finally we bade farewell and returned to the pavilion. Brother Cyril and I were elated that we had found the El Molo tribe and had delivered the gifts. I said a silent prayer for them.

After tea and a light snack at the pavilion, we said good-by to our countrymen, thanked Doctor Maytag to the best of our ability, and started off in the Jeep for our camp on the escarpment. Our fuel tank was filled to the brim with "Maytag Gas." Darkness had descended by the time we reached the tent.

Next morning we awoke before sunrise, scrambled down the steep escarpment to the lake, and took an early-morning dip in the alkaline water—keeping a sharp watch for crocodiles. Then we climbed back to our tent, packed everything into the Jeep, and started off, this time ascending the circular "staircase."

We drove into Beragoi as the sun was beginning to set. Father Caesar welcomed us, obviously relieved that we had returned safely, and we spent several hours relating our experiences to him and to the Sisters. The following morning we were on the road again, retracing the route to Maralal, and from there to Nairobi.

We had been gone for only a week. But Brother Cyril and I agreed that, in every respect, those seven days had been the longest, most gloriously unpredictable, of our lives. ■ ■

Spiritual Help. Our prayerfully inclined readers will please remember that we count Communions and Rosaries offered for our work as a miser counts his gold. From you who are willing, we ask one Communion a week and one Rosary a week. Is it necessary to add that for such splendid, generous gifts we shall be deeply grateful?



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Barbara (left) and friend sit Japanese-style. She diligently tried to follow local customs.

Dreams for a Lifetime

*A young American girl goes overseas to teach
and uses her free time to understand better
the customs and life of the people of the Orient.*

MANY an American dreams of travel in exotic faraway places. Bali, Singapore, Bangkok are names to stir the imagination. For Barbara Atkinson, of San Mateo, California, such a dream came true.

Barbara studied at Dominican College in San Rafael and then took her degree in Social Welfare at the University of California. For a long time she had the dream of working overseas. She realized her ambition when the Air Force hired her to teach in Japan.

The experiences that Barbara stored up in the Orient will last her a lifetime.

She used her vacation periods for travel, observing the people and their customs, visiting Catholic churches in remote places, taking part in local festivals, and even learning Chinese cooking. She recorded many of these events on color film so that she could later share them with her family.

Barbara has finished her tour of overseas work and is now in the United States. But the allure of foreign lands is in her blood. She hopes to get a teaching assignment in Latin America, and has already inquired about a post in Peru. ■ ■

Elusive bubbles fascinate the Japanese boy (left) at a temple festival.



At a festival in Asakusa, Japan, Barbara posed these boys and their masks.



The smile of this boy in Java was typical of the friendliness Barbara met all throughout Southeast Asia.



Her costume belies the fact that she is only sixteen years old. She is a *miyako* being trained in Kyoto, Japan.



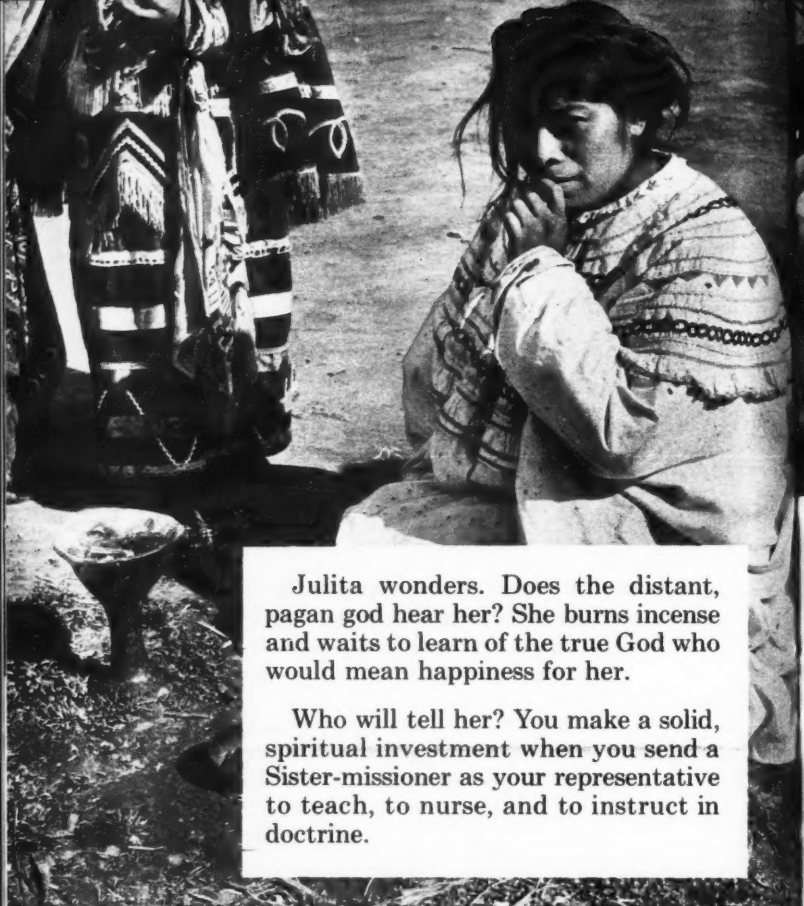
Lined up for school, these girls in Java are wearing their best finery.





Young dancer (above) in Bali wears a traditional costume and headdress. The Balinese are very artistic. The man (opposite) is a fine woodcarver.





Julita wonders. Does the distant, pagan god hear her? She burns incense and waits to learn of the true God who would mean happiness for her.

Who will tell her? You make a solid, spiritual investment when you send a Sister-missioner as your representative to teach, to nurse, and to instruct in doctrine.

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... for the training of your Sisters as missioners.

Name

Street

City Zone State

*As long as I can, I will send \$.....
a month to help support a Sister-in-training.*



Sister Marian Teresa approves these water pitchers for the dormitories.

College in the Cornfield

By Sister Mary Serra

Tanganyika's only Catholic secondary school for girls.

FOUR YEARS AGO there was only a cornfield. Today that same area is filled by a cluster of buildings—fifteen units that provide higher education for African young women.

Marian College opened its doors to sixty-three African girls in 1957. Today, the first—and so far the only—Catholic secondary school for girls in all Tanganyika has an enrollment of 176, a good share of the nearly 500 girls now in secondary schools in the entire country.

Eight Maryknoll Sisters and two African lay teachers guide these intent

students through the intricacies of English, Swahili, history, geography, biology, chemistry, mathematics, current affairs, and religion. This year for the first time, Marian College presented candidates for the much-respected Cambridge School Certificate Examination, for which those who pass are rewarded with the equivalent of a high school diploma.

If you should come and visit us, you will need to make a left turn just before you come to the town of Morogoro. If you follow the unpaved road right through the thatched-hut district, you

will come to Marian College. "*Karibu! Karibu!*" come the shouts of welcome. Don't you wish you had your camera loaded? Living in Africa is like living in perpetual Technicolor. Nowhere else is the sky so blue; nowhere else do the starch-white clouds pile up on one another. But there is no time to absorb the scenery now. Even the tantalizing greens of our "backyard" Uluru Mountains are forgotten as students cluster around your car.

"May we show you about the school?" The accent falls a bit strange to your American-tuned ears, but the smile is the same in any language. Each girl's class is immediately apparent by the color of her uniform; sedate green, pert pink, eager blue, rambunctious yellow. Each girl made her own uniform in needlework class.

Introductions sound like the Roman Martyrology—Leonila, Balbina, Flaviana, Praxeda, Emerensiana. The girls use their baptismal names at school but have African names as well. A few questions and you learn that these girls come from all parts of Tanganyika to be trained at a Catholic secondary school. You learn that about 45 of the 115 tribes in Tanganyika are represented at the school.

Teresia spends her vacation making *pombe*, banana beer, to sell in the market and get money for an education. And Martina there. She is twenty-two years old, and in second year high school. She had to wait a long time before a primary school came to her village, but she hasn't been discouraged by the delay.

The students are proud of Marian College. "Here is our chapel where we begin each day with Mass." And the large building next door? "That is our

dining hall. The management of the routine of cooking, setting up and serving each meal is carried out by the students themselves." And that building there that is not quite finished? "Oh, that is our new auditorium. We will have student assemblies there, and our Dramatic Club will have a stage for their shows."

Seven classrooms, library, a laboratory for biology and chemistry, domestic-science room, dormitories—each gets a visit. But it is the girls themselves who have captured your interest. You learn that they have many activities outside of classes; in fact, a different one for each afternoon of the week: Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Girl Guides (similar to Girl Scouts), country dancing, Our Lady's Sodality. Organized games, too, give ample opportunity to work off excess energy.

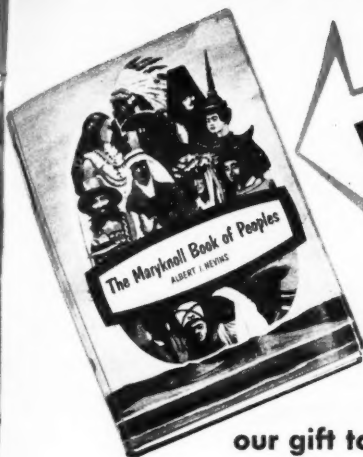
"It looks as if someone has been hard at work in that garden plot," you murmur to your guide.

"Oh, yes. Each of us students has a garden plot," comes the answer.

By this time your tour has taken you back to your car. There is a crowd around the car waiting for you. Quiet, African-Sister students; tall, gangling girls; short, grinning girls; demure, bashful girls; giggling girls. You think to yourself that these are like high-school students the world over—with one big difference.

The girls you have just seen are the forerunners of many, many educated African women yet to come. They are the ones to build a new country. And as you drive down the dusty bumpy road toward Morogoro, you realize a little better why the Maryknoll Sisters feel it a joyful privilege to be in charge of Marian College. ■ ■

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By Graham McDonnell, M.M.

Everyone a Missioner

*Maryknoll's Father Keller has one big goal in life—
to make every Catholic a missioner. From this ideal
came the spark for the dynamic Christopher movement.*

A LITTLE girl in San Francisco twisted her pencil and wondered how to put her idea into words.

"I am only eleven years old," her letter to the Christophers began, "but that doesn't mean that I am too young to spread the word of Christ. Now please don't tell me to be a good girl, say my prayers and obey my parents. I already do these things. I would like to do more."

Halfway across the nation, a young professional man, making his annual retreat in Ohio, tossed the Christopher Notes he had been reading on the bed. He, too, began to write:

"I am a Catholic, of Catholic parents, attended a Catholic grade and high school. My wife is a Catholic, and we have been blessed with three children so far. At the age of 27, I am selfish—I want to help myself by helping others. My life has been filled with 'good intentions' unfulfilled. Please help me pinpoint my 'mission' in life—in my daily work."

Taking a cue from these persons and thousands like them who write to

the Christophers, Father James Keller of Maryknoll is convinced there are tremendous possibilities for the spread of the Church, once enough individuals realize the latent missionary power within themselves.

Reminding as many people as he can about the challenge of being a missioner has been Father Keller's lifetime work. After his ordination in 1925, Maryknoll assigned him to seek financial support and recruits for the foreign missions. He soon realized that the word "missioner" for most Catholics meant little more than doling out a dollar or subscribing to a mission magazine.

"Despite the creditable headway made by our missioners in foreign lands," Father Keller says, "I found myself becoming more and more conscious of what we were not doing to reach all men and to sanctify the whole of life. I wondered, long and often, what could be done to change this trend."

The average Catholic seldom experiences the privilege and joy of sharing

Final check of a script for a Christopher show is made by Father Keller.



Guests are a regular part of Father Keller's show. This is Celeste Holm.

his Faith with others, Father Keller explains. Weaving and blending his spiritual convictions into the life around him, or into the great spheres of influence that shape the destiny of mankind is often as strange and foreign to him as the missions.

In his talks, he began urging American Catholics to be "part-time apostles," to carry the truth and love of Christ into the world as missionaries. Immediately his work for Maryknoll showed better results, and slowly the Christopher idea of "everyone a missionary" developed.

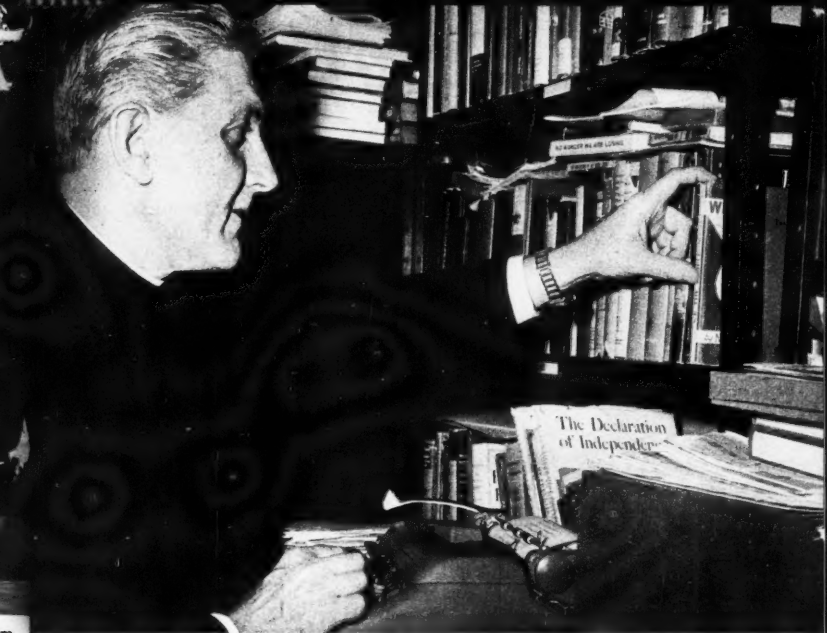
In 1945, with the permission of Maryknoll, Father Keller launched the Christophers. The name "Christopher" was chosen from the Greek word, *Christophoros*, meaning a "Christ-

bearer." The idea is to help Catholics to get beyond the usual "God and myself" attitude, and get them thinking in terms of "God, myself and everybody else."

Since 1945, Father Keller has devoted all of his time to awaken millions of persons to take an active interest in the vital fields that shape the world—especially government, literature, entertainment and labor relations.

"Actually, there is nothing new or original about the idea," says Father Keller with a twinkle in his eyes. "It is as old as the hills—the hills of Galilee. It is just a small attempt to present in modern dress the age-old concept of the Church applied to the individual."

Making use of the press, radio, and



Father Keller is a prodigious worker, overflowing with a sense of urgency.

television, he presents this idea to millions. In Christopher books (he has averaged one a year since the movement started), in a daily column in 100 newspapers, on 300 television and 800 radio stations each week, he constantly stresses the Christopher message: "God has given you a mission in life. What your role may be is up to you to learn, but He has given you the talent and the opportunities to do your bit in changing the world."

What has been the impact of this broadside challenge to millions? Thousands of persons, inspired by the Christopher motto, "It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness," have become real Christ-bearers.

"Motivation is our business," says

Father Keller. "We try to stir up a sense of mission in people and then leave it to them."

A secretary in Baltimore, Maryland, decided that she could be a Christ-bearer by sparking as many persons as possible with the idea of doing something positive about problems, rather than merely complaining.

"When people growl about their crooked politicians, I ask them if they voted last time. If a workman screams about a strike, I ask him how active he is in his union. You would be surprised at the excuses and stammerings," she relates.

This emphasis on personal responsibility and initiative has been noticed in the United States Foreign Service. In Washington, a State Department



This cue will remind Father that a billion people know not Christ.

official, speaking publicly, told of inspecting thirty embassies and consulates in Europe and the Middle East. One of the objectives was to find staff members who showed a special sense of responsibility and who were, therefore, worthy of positions of greater trust. A questionnaire was given to each employee. One question concerned the motivation of the individual in entering the State Department.

One answer repeatedly given was, "Because of the Christophers."

These examples could and do go on and on—labor unions, book publishing, writing, PTA's, parish groups, social work, and many other fields. The efforts of these "part-time missionaries" are helping to change the world.

Mail from different parts of the world indicates that the Christopher idea is directly helping the work of the foreign missions, too. One example comes from Tanganyika where Maryknoll has two large mission areas.

Father Gerard Grondin, a Maryknoller, is the director of the Tanganyika Catholic Welfare Organization, a national group that represents the bishops of Tanganyika.

He showed one of his lay co-workers several copies of the Christopher Notes entitled "How to Be a Leader," "Make Your Life Worthwhile," and "How Parliamentary Law Protects You." The contents of these pamphlets so impressed this native leader, that he wrote to the Christophers, ordering a hundred copies monthly for distribution "among the elite whom we are now preparing for leadership." He said that he hopes to adapt "Christian principles to all the problems facing our people who are eagerly awaiting responsible government."

There is a role for every person, if they remember these four points:

1. Pray that more persons with high ideas and needed abilities will get into these vital fields.
2. Try to get into one of these fields of importance yourself, if possible.
3. Encourage young persons to consider entering a sphere of influence as a lifetime apostolate.
4. Help remotivate someone in one of these occupations.

In helping millions of persons to show a greater awareness for sanctifying every facet of public and private life, Father Keller has no other intention than to help them fulfill the command of Christ: "Go, teach all nations."

One college student who has captured the spirit of the idea expresses it in these words: "I am beginning to realize that this is my world just as much as it is anybody's world. And I am going to work just as hard to save it as those trying to destroy it." ■■

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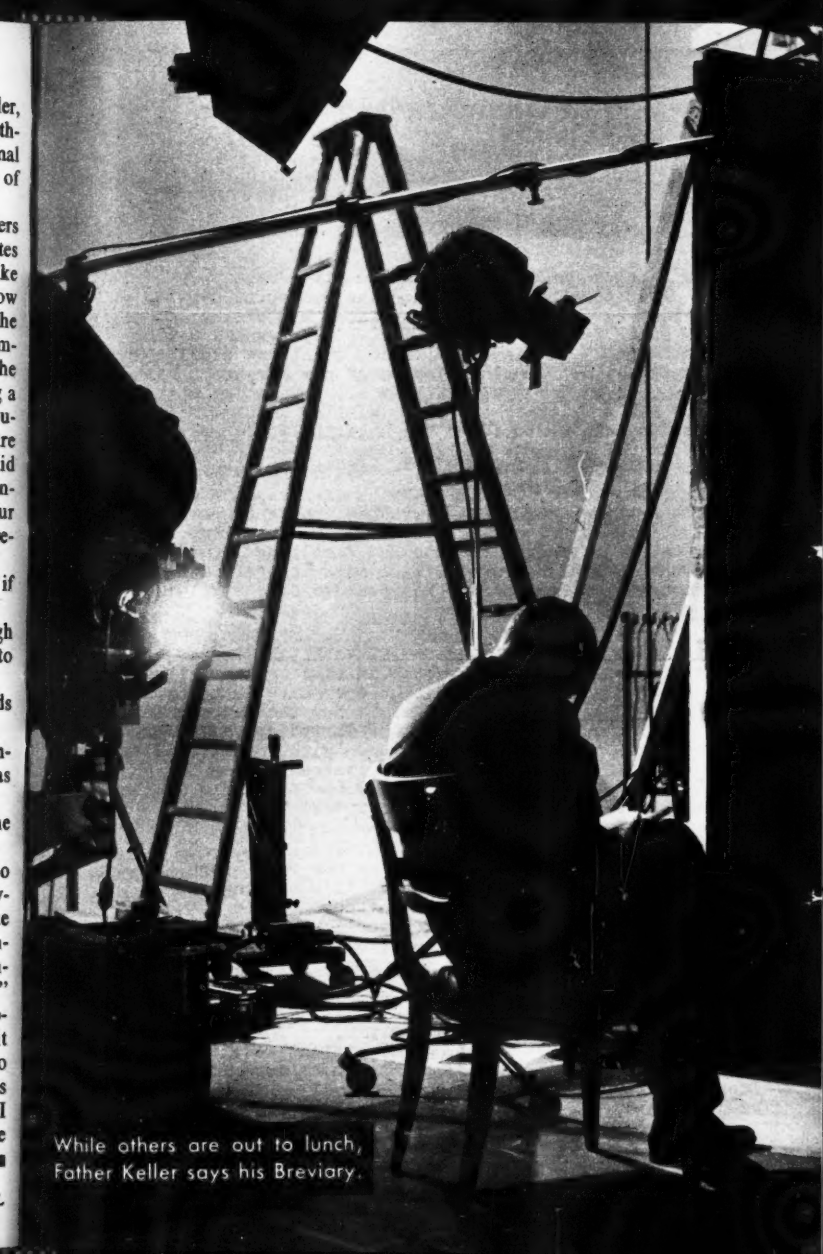
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While others are out to lunch,
Father Keller says his Breviary.

Bambo Wireless

LATEST NEWS ITEMS FROM HOME AND ABROAD

Jesuit Missions annual Xavier Award given this year to Bishop JAMES EDWARD WALSH. Since the Bishop is serving a twenty year term in a Communist prison, his brother Judge WILLIAM WALSH received it for him . . . Maryknoll Father WILLIAM HOMROCKY of Cleveland, Ohio, opens new mission in El Salvador . . . Formal inclosure of new Maryknoll Sisters cloister made by Cardinal SPELLMAN . . . Back in Japan to continue his work there is Father WILLIAM KASCHMITTER who had been in Belgium to found the magazine World Justice.

* * *

In Peru, Father CHARLES GIRNIUS (Brooklyn) has built a bridge across a river that ends what used to be a twenty-five mile detour during the rainy season. The bridge is a hundred feet long . . . In June of 1961, Maryknoll will mark its fiftieth anniversary. The Society was founded June 29, 1911.

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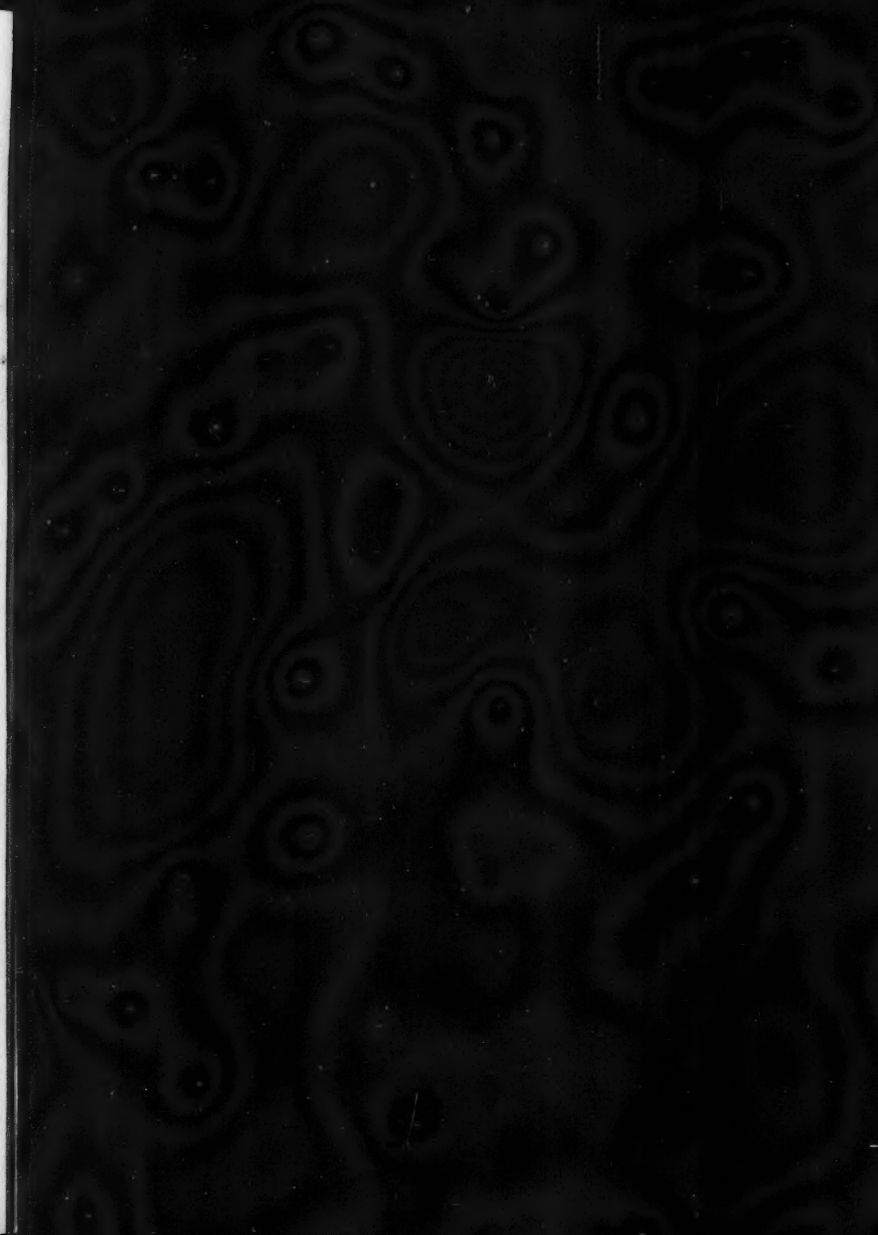
Credit Union work of Father DANIEL McLELLAN (Denver) is having unusual results. A pastor in Lima said: "Before the establishment of the Credit Co-operative in my parish hardly any of the men came to Mass. Now the members of the Co-operative also belong to the Christian Family Movement and come to Communion each month with their families. A high ranking Communist official returned to the Church because of his contact with social doctrine of the Church learned through his parish Co-operative.

* * *

An Indian from Conima came into the Puno, Peru, Catechetical School. He stated: "I'm nothing, no religion. I just want to teach the Catholic Faith!" . . . Next month is Catholic Press Month. Every Catholic family should receive at least one mission magazine. Give a gift subscription.

* * *

All Catholics on Formosa join in prayers for eightieth birthday of Pope JOHN XXIII. A special collection was taken up and sent to Rome . . . Maryknoll Superior General, Bishop JOHN COMBER due back at Maryknoll any day after visitation of our Latin American missions . . . Two new Maryknoll films (one on Philippines and other a general roundup in Orient) are nearing completion . . . New book by Father ALBERT NEVINS, The Young Conquistador, just out.



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Letters

Of the month

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Next a Home Run

The extra three dollars is payment for three hits! Little David hadn't had a hit all season in the Pee Wee League. Naturally, he was heartbroken. We promised an extra dollar for the missions if he got a hit. Next game, "whamo," two singles and a double.

THE CLARKS

Cincinnati, Ohio

Youth Center

I understand the problems the Maryknoll Fathers face, myself having lived in the parish of San Pedro in La Paz, Bolivia. I had the satisfaction of being able to aid them. My goal was to help the Fathers build a recreation center for teen-agers who have nowhere to go in their leisure hours. Since I left, I have learned that the Fathers had to postpone the project for lack of funds. Therefore, in this letter is a check with the hope that some of your readers will contribute so that the Youth Center may be finally completed.

SUZANNE BORDA

New Delhi, India

Comparison

News of the great suffering of people in many parts of our world makes one most conscious of the waste of those who surround us, and perhaps by ourselves, too. We often do not fully realize the great material abundance we are

given. No matter how good the salary, you can always hear complaints. Yet while complaining, we enjoy a table burdened with food, and instead of having to worry what we shall find to eat tomorrow, we are concerned with losing weight. We know we have grave responsibilities to the doctor, the grocer, the landlord. But surely we have a profound debt to our Creator and Saviour that is beyond payment. A great expression of love to Him is helping other people.

CASSIE EUGENIA DIXSON

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Sacrifice

I am the oldest of seven children. I am only ten years old and do not get a regular allowance. I would like to contribute something though. So I am contributing fifty cents with good intention. May God bless you.

MARGARET SNEESBY

Milwaukee, Wis.

Positive Christianity

I think it is wonderful to read of the positive Christianity practiced by Maryknoll. Cooperatives and housing projects make the corporal works of mercy real. Charity is fine but it is better to help people help themselves.

HELEN SHAUGHNESSY

New York, N. Y.



"Ad" + "Aid" = "Add." A parish in GUATEMALA wishes to add a classroom to the school. Needed are 50 students' desks at \$4 each, and one teacher's desk at \$25. This "ad" plus your "aid" will help to "add" that room.

A Nickel Will Still Buy Something! It will buy one floor tile for the new convent in YUCATAN. To complete the building, 3,000 are needed. Can you spare a few nickels for this work?

A Seat Will Be a Treat to the people in a mission church in PERU. After three years of sitting, standing, and kneeling on the ground at Mass, their chapel is ready. The people now have a chapel but need 450 folding chairs for seats. Will you make an offering of \$3.50 for one?

Living, Learning, Loving. Hundreds of children in a BOLIVIAN parish come from far and wide to receive instructions for First Communion. They stay for a week at a time, while we teach, feed and house them. This operation costs \$500 for the week. Will you help these youngsters to live while learning to receive and love Christ?

Please send your check to:

The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York

Throw Another Log On the Fire. A church and parish hall get mighty cold in winter in a KOREAN parish. To pay for coal and firewood for the winter takes \$200. Will you provide the cost of a pail of coal or a few logs to keep the faithful comfortable for a winter?

Trading Good For Evil. Homes in TAIWAN that once displayed pagan shrines now proudly display religious pictures. After conversion we take the shrines and destroy them, replacing them with holy pictures, at a cost of 50 cents each. Will you buy a few for new Catholic homes?

Treasure Hunt! Every day in the year, catechists go on treasure hunts, seeking souls for Christ. The pay is small, but rewards are great. In PERU, eight of these workers receive \$150 each per year. Will you underwrite the salary of one for a year?

Who Could Refuse Them? Many newborn babies in CHILE are without proper clothing. Parents are too poor to buy the needed garments. Is it within your means to give \$5 for a single layette?



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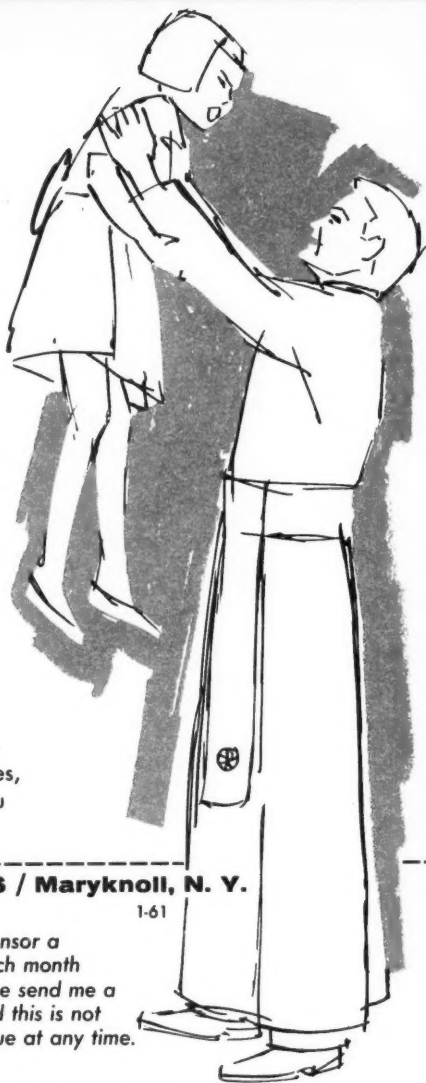
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They Count On Father

Can Father Count On You?

A Maryknoll missionary is Christ's front line soldier, serving on many fronts, combating paganism, hunger, disease and poverty. Impoverished people look to him, and count on him for material, as well as spiritual help. He looks to you for the support he needs to keep him at his post. One dollar a day will support him and keep him going. With your help for a day or more each month, you share in his Masses, his prayers and his work. Will you try it for a month or more?



MARYKNOLL FATHERS / Maryknoll, N. Y.

Dear Fathers,

1-61

Count me in. I would like to sponsor a missionary. I will send \$ each month to help keep him at his post. Please send me a reminder each month. I understand this is not a pledge and that I may discontinue at any time.

MY NAME

MY ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

Who will take his place?

Father Daniel McShane, of Indiana, rescued from death in China hundreds of abandoned babies. He founded a large orphanage, despite civil war and famine.



One day Father came upon a baby left alongside the road to die. He took the infant home, baptized it before death. From the child he caught smallpox, died after many days of suffering.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race

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